

THE
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BANKRUPT LAW.

Mr. VAN BUREN, in his message to Congress at the opening of its late special session—after confidently predicting that the public mind, at present in a strong ferment in regard to banks, will soon settle down to a calm acquiescence in the measures of the past and present administrations—proposes, as a temporary means of relief, until this happy change in the popular will shall have made it unnecessary, “an uniform law concerning bankruptcies of corporations and other bankers.” He says, “In the mean time, it is our duty to provide all the remedies against a depreciated paper currency, which the Constitution enables us to afford. The Treasury Department, on several former occasions, has suggested the propriety and importance of an uniform law concerning bankruptcies of corporations and other bankers. Through the instrumentality of such a law, a salutary check may doubtless be imposed on the issues of paper money, and an effectual remedy given to the citizen, in a way at once equal in all parts of the Union, and fully authorized by the Constitution.”

This, certainly, cannot be a favorite measure with the Administration, if we are to estimate the importance attached to it by the space which the recommendation occupies in this particularly verbose message. Mr. Woodbury treats it with still less ceremony. In Section VI. of his report, under the head of “Settlement with the former Deposit Banks,” at the close of a paragraph, the foregoing part of which seems to have little connexion with such a sequel, he remarks—“Congress having power to pass a bankrupt law, it would be worthy of consideration, *if the power be ever exercised*, whether all banks, and, in any event, as recommended by Mr. Dal-

las and Mr. Crawford, all employed by the Treasury, should not be subjected to its provisions ; and, on any important and deliberate failure in their pecuniary duties, be compelled at once to close their concerns."

From the manner in which the recommendation is made, we look upon it rather as an idle menace against the banks, than as intended to lead to any definite and decided action. But, whatever may be the degree of importance attached to the proposed measure by the Administration, and whether it is to be urged upon the consideration of Congress or not, we think it deserving of a brief notice ; and, in a few ensuing pages, shall make some observations ; first, upon the constitutionality, and, secondly, upon the expediency of such a law.

Congress has the power "to establish uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States." Between bankrupt and insolvent laws, some persons have made a distinction, founded on the technical meaning of these terms as fixed by their legal use. It has been held by those contending for such a settled distinction, that only traders can be bankrupts ; and, therefore, a law extending the liabilities and privileges of bankruptcy to debtors of all classes would be unconstitutional. On the other hand, it is said, that "the line of partition between bankrupt and insolvent laws is not so distinctly marked as to enable any person to say, with positive precision, what belongs exclusively to the one and what to the other." But it seems to be well settled, that if any class of persons is clearly without the legal intendment, or the reason of bankrupt laws, the power granted to Congress cannot be construed to authorize enactments embracing this class. We contend that all artificial persons, or bodies corporate, are thus clearly excluded from the operation of such laws : that, therefore, it could not have been intended to give Congress the power claimed by Mr. Van Buren.

Corporations have never been made the subjects of the bankrupt laws of England ; in fact, the provisions of these various statutes are, for the greater part, totally inapplicable to the case of bodies corporate. The common law proceedings against them, when insolvent, are the sequestration of their property, and the seizure or destruction of their franchises. Particular corporations may also be laid under peculiar liabilities by statute, but in no case, we believe, has it been held that a commission of bankruptcy might be issued against any of them.

But this argument derives additional weight—perhaps all its force—from the fact, that corporations are thus excluded from the operation of bankrupt laws, not merely by the arbitrary enactments

of the legislature, but because they are not within the spirit and reason of such laws. The object of a bankrupt system is two-fold—first, the relief of debtors; and, secondly, the security of creditors. The former is effected by exempting the unfortunate trader from bodily confinement, by leaving in his hands a small proportion of his property, on which he may begin the world afresh, and by securing to him his future acquisitions. The latter object is, as far as possible, accomplished by a *pro rata* division of all the bankrupt's property among his creditors. Now, how stands the case as regards corporations? They cannot be imprisoned; and, in this country, where their powers are limited to specific objects, and confined, for the most part, by limited means, any proportion of these means refunded to them after the distribution of the rest, must either be so large as that the creditors would suffer hardship, or so small as to be of no avail to the insolvent bodies. They could make no future acquisitions to be secured: in fact, the distribution of their effects would be the destruction of their franchises. Will any one contend that Congress would exercise its power "to establish uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies" in a constitutional manner, if it should pass laws providing merely for the distribution of insolvent debtors' effects, but extending no relief to the debtors themselves? We think not. If, then, from the nature of the case, a certain class of debtors cannot have the usual relief of bankrupt laws extended to them, are they the proper subjects of such laws? Can we suppose that the framers of the Constitution intended to authorise enactments of a kind totally different from all bankrupt laws before known; or did they suppose that there was, in the words employed, something to point out the leading objects for which the powers given were to be exercised? Certainly the latter.

We are glad to have our opinions on this subject supported by the authority of names which those who feel disposed to act on the President's recommendation, must needs respect; unless, indeed, Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Woodbury of the United States Senate, in 1827, are not considered as entitled to any particular consideration by the partizans of President Van Buren and Mr. Secretary Woodbury in 1837. We doubt not that many of them have very serious scruples in regard to the doctrine—not of *personal*, but of *political identity*. In the course of a debate in the Senate on the Bankrupt Bill of 1826, Mr. Van Buren opposed the Bill, on the ground of its being unconstitutional, in not following the well-settled distinction between bankrupt and insolvent laws in regard to their proper subjects. (Gales & Seaton's Cong. Debates, Vol. III. Col. 82.) And Mr. Woodbury, agreeing "in substance, with the Sena-

tor from New-York," said, "The grant was not to legislate on the subject of contracts, generally—of descents—of suits at law, but on the subject of Bankruptcy. And the word Bankruptcies, as used in the Constitution, was never, in his apprehension, intended to extend beyond embarrassments and failures among mercantile men." (Ibid, 89.) And again, in a subsequent speech, he asks, "Under a special grant of power to us, in 1789, to pass 'uniform laws on the subject of Bankruptcies,' how could we then extend those laws to persons, who, at that time, were not within the letter or spirit of the bankrupt system, any more than we could extend them to distinct subjects of land-titles or forms of legal process?" (Ibid, 147.) Some persons may deny the truth of the assertion on which this reasoning is founded—that the term bankrupt has acquired a strictly technical meaning, being properly applied only to an insolvent trader; but, admitting the truth of the assertion, the reasoning certainly is unanswerable. But we think that we have shown that corporations never have been the subject of bankrupt laws, and this because the bankrupt system is totally inapplicable to them—because they are not within its spirit and reason. Admitting this, apply Mr. Van Buren's reasoning to the case of corporations—is it not conclusive? At any rate, those who contend that none but traders can be made liable as bankrupts, can hardly frame a reason for extending bankrupt laws to corporations.

But, happily, it is not necessary for us thus to carry out Mr. Van Buren's argument to its legitimate consequences. He has saved us this trouble. During the course of debate on the same bankrupt bill, Mr. Branch moved to amend it by extending its provisions to all banking companies. This amendment was rejected by a majority of twenty-three, Mr. Van Buren opposing it in a short speech, and by his vote; and Mr. Woodbury still "agreeing with the Senator from New-York." Mr. Van Buren's remarks on the proposed amendment form such a curious commentary on his recent recommendation to Congress, that we will copy them for our readers. They are brief, but very much to the point:—

"He did not think that any great difficulty existed in this question. To him the matter was clear; but his impressions had been opposed by several Senators, and he would protract the debate but a moment, to give, very briefly, his views of the matter. It certainly appeared to him, that one moment's reflection would decide gentlemen against the amendment proposed by his friend from South Carolina. It had been said, formerly, and on various occasions, that the States had no right to grant bank charters, and that the banking privilege belonged exclusively to the Federal Government. No direct attempt, however, had hitherto been made to deprive the States of that power which they had long exercised unmo-
lestated. But now the attempt was to be made, if not in an open and unequivocal manner, at least in an indirect way, to strip the States of the power of chartering banks. At any rate, if it were contended that this provision did not go so far, it could not be denied that it interfered in the regulations which State Govern-

ments might have adopted for the government of those institutions, which was an odious exercise of power not granted by the Constitution. This amendment has this extent: it directs the States as to the manner in which they shall exercise their sovereignty in this particular, and points out what penalty shall be inflicted in case the charters granted by the States are violated. In fact, it points out what the privileges granted to the incorporations shall be, by dictating the forfeiture, and directing what the companies may, and what they may not do. All this has hitherto been done by the States. They have assumed the direction of these matters as a right which they doubtless have. And, in including this subject of corporations in the bill now before the Senate, it will be taken entirely from the States and subjected to the power of the bankrupt system. This was never done, and never attempted in any country on the face of the globe. In England, such a provision was never dreamed of—nor did he believe that, when the Constitution was framed, such an attribute was imagined by those who authorized the establishment of a bankrupt system. He did not accede to the opinion, that the system had power over all chartered institutions. By the very nature of their association, they were, in some respects, exempted from its operation, and no such power was ever contemplated, or was, at this moment, under the most extended construction, enjoyed by the General Government. The duties of banking institutions must necessarily be discharged by agents. Their essential responsibility is intangible by such a law: if the clause were to be inserted, and banks permitted to be made bankrupts, upon whom, upon what human being, could the penalty of the law be made to rest? Would you apply the rigor of the system to those agents, who are so far from being principals in the delinquency of the institutions to which they are attached, that they are only the hired servants of their banks? This could not be. It would be the height of injustice to implicate, in a penal manner, these agents—and not for fraud, but merely for the inability of the corporations to pay their debts. The individuals employed to carry on these establishments, surely should be exempt from the penalties of bankruptcy; they are persons, without whom they cannot be carried on; they are the agents of all those who hold stock in their banks; they act for the various classes of individuals whose means are confided to banking companies, and among whom are to be found the widow and the orphan, who are deeply interested in having capable and honest men to fill those agencies. But how could such men be induced to occupy those situations, if they were to be made individually responsible, not only for their own acts, but for the misfortunes and losses of their corporations? On the other hand, would you render the stockholders liable for the disasters of the institution? In cases of misconduct by the officers of the bank employed by them, or a majority of them, would you make them answerable for an act of bankruptcy? Could they, in justice, be liable for the malversation of agents employed by them to transact a business of which they were, all of them, probably ignorant? He thought that no great expenditure of reasoning need be made to show the true answers to these inquiries, and the very questions, he conceived, illustrated the difficulties of the case. His idea of a bankrupt system was, that it could not be applied to any but individuals or principals, and that it was not capable of being made to operate on associations, or on the subordinate agents either of individuals or corporations. He therefore objected to this amendment. He did not wish the bill to be defaced by any inappropriate provision. He had said, and would say now, that although he was not as sanguine as some others in his anticipation of the benefits likely to result from the passage of this bill, still he wished it, if it should pass, to go from the hands of the Senate as perfect as possible, and unencumbered with such obstacles to its beneficial operation as would be found in this amendment.* (Gales & Seaton's Cong. Debates, Vol. 3d., Col. 286-7.)

* Since writing the above, we have received intelligence of Mr. Grundy's motion, that the Committee to whom was referred that part of the President's message recommending a law concerning bankruptcies of corporations, be discharged from its further consideration. This motion, which passed the Senate, confirms our belief, before declared, that the recommendation was intended only as a menace against the banks, and that it will not be seriously urged upon the consideration of Congress.

We have not yet seen any of the speeches on this motion; but we should do Mr. Benton, who opposed it, the justice to say that he voted for Mr. Branch's amendment, already alluded to, in 1827.

But, leaving Mr. Van Buren and his Protean doctrines, let us look for a moment at the consequences which would follow an assumption of such power over corporations by the General Government. The States have the undoubted right to create these artificial bodies, both for banking and other purposes; this is now conceded by all parties, if we except a very few ultra-radicals, who arrogantly think no principle so firmly settled that it may not be shaken by their revolutionary schemes. But the power of passing general bankrupt laws for corporations might be made to act as a veto upon this constitutional right of the States. Bodies corporate might be subjected to conditions and liabilities which would at once render their franchises worthless, or even a burden. The States could establish them only on certain terms prescribed by Congress. Nominally, and according to the letter of their declared prerogative, they might have uncontrolled sway over these creations of their own hands, while, really, their power would be set at nought. The General Government could not directly interfere with rights so well settled, but indirectly could prevent their beneficial exercise. We have little sympathy with those champions of State-sovereignty who would deny *any* implied powers to Congress; but we think it unconstitutional to exert a power *expressly granted*, for the indirect destruction of rights exempted from the direct control of the General Government.

We must say, that the history of the past few years has somewhat sobered our sanguine and more youthful ideas of the perfection of our national system. Not that we can ever, for a moment, despair of the country's success in her grand political experiment—only, perhaps, that we have awaked from dreams—bright dreams, to the realities—the dark realities of corrupt human nature. We are now forced to believe, that unprincipled and profligate men may sometimes rise to very high places among our rulers, and may, for a time, be blindly supported, even in their most daring abuses of power. As all parties successively criminate their opponents when in office, none will judge us even uncharitable in supposing it possible for men totally devoid of moral principle to reach high stations—to become heads of departments under our General Government. Suppose then, a Secretary of the Treasury—a Post-Master-General, to be a man of the character described; and suppose, too, an uniform bankrupt law, for banking corporations, in force throughout the United States: would not such a man, especially under the operation of a “Sub-Treasury System,” have every bank in the country within his power? Could he not at any time, by means of the funds at his command, produce a “run” upon any institution obnoxious to him? Could

he not, if he chose to come out as the opponent of all banks—of the whole banking system—spread bankruptcy and ruin throughout the country? However extravagant these fears may seem to many, we certainly should dread their being realized, if such a bankrupt law were now in force.

But it must be remembered, that all other corporations, as well as banking companies, might be made the subjects of bankrupt laws, if the power claimed for Congress is once allowed. Does any person contend, that only trading companies and traders are the proper subjects of these laws? This argument, founded on the meaning of the term *bankrupt*, as settled by the English practice, must be abandoned, from the very outset, by those who claim for bankrupt laws a jurisdiction over *any* corporations contrary to all English precedents. Well, then, Rail-road and Canal companies, Colleges, Churches—in short, all corporate bodies, would receive their charters subject to these powers of the General Government. Internal improvements, and the interests of Education and Religion, might, it is plain, be interrupted and essentially prejudiced. A member of Congress has suggested, perhaps rather ludicrously, that even States—sovereign States, might be made liable to the pains and penalties of bankruptcy. And we, speaking seriously, will not presume to say that “the right to take one pound” does not “imply the right to take a thousand”—that the power over a franchise—part of the State-prerogative granted to a subject—does not extend over the whole State-prerogative. But, leaving such speculations, let us look at consequences which we might clearly apprehend. And, perhaps, we may better illustrate our position by taking a particular case than by more general remarks. The legislature of Pennsylvania has made every county and township in the State a body corporate, in order that they may legally hold property enough for the administration of their internal affairs. One of these counties, under the operation of a law concerning bankruptcies of corporations, might, undoubtedly, be declared bankrupt. Its jail, its court-house—all its property, real and personal, might be sold, and the proceeds distributed among its creditors. The administration of justice would be interrupted: the elements of society would be cast into confusion. We do not suppose this a case likely to happen, but it exemplifies the unbounded nature of the power claimed for Congress.

Is it supposable that the patriots—the experienced legislators—who formed our Constitution, intended to grant such vast powers—powers liable to such abuse—to the General Government?

Before closing our observations on the constitutionality of the measure proposed by the Administration, we add but a single re-

mark upon Mr. Woodbury's proposition to make at least all the banks employed by the Treasury liable to bankruptcy. We cannot conceive how such a plan was ever for a moment thought of—much less how it could have been deliberately committed to paper, by any one claiming as his authority the words of the Constitution granting power "to establish *uniform* laws on the subject of bankruptcies."

We next turn to the question of the *expediency* of making corporations liable to bankruptcy. *Cui bono*, after having proved its unconstitutionality? some one may inquire. Of course it cannot be expedient to do that which the Constitution forbids; or, what amounts to the same thing, that which it gives neither the direct or implied power to do. But some, perhaps, may still have doubts in regard to the constitutional question; and to them we would address a few words, premising that several of the arguments which we have already used, seem to have, apart from their force in that connexion, great weight in determining this point of expediency. We shall not stay to point out their obvious bearing.

What would, probably, have been the present condition of our country, had a bankrupt-law, such as the one contemplated, been in operation at the time when all the banks throughout the Union recently stopped specie-payments? Can we suppose that the Executive would have let slip this opportunity of crushing the Bank of the United States—the monster, which had risen from its grave to "fright from their propriety" those who had once been happy in the thought that even its ghost would never haunt their troubled dreams—of crushing it, though every bank in the country perished with it? Does the history of the past teach us that we could have hoped for Executive indulgence? The *people* have not experienced it; how much less would it have been granted to the *banks*? Their stoppage has been the main subject of ribaldry and abuse in the Administration journals; though, perhaps, with the object of hiding, under the color of indecent exultation, real chagrin at the failure of the great currency-experiment. Is it said that Congress could have interposed its protection, as several of the State legislatures have done in the recent emergency? Not to say any thing concerning the probable disposition of the majority in either the Senate or House of Representatives, we need only observe that Congress is a much more unwieldy body than the State legislatures: it cannot be convened as summarily, it cannot act as promptly, as they. The mischief would have been done—the business concerns of the country would have been in almost inextricable confusion before relief could have been extended. Again, is it said that the bankrupt law could itself provide for such an extreme case? It might pro-

vide for this case, and leave many others unprovided for. It is contrary to the genius of laws that they should argue from particulars to generals; or, to state a little broader principle, it is impossible to foresee every concatenation of circumstances, which may render the operation of a law destructive of the public good.

It seems to be a necessary inference, from the language of the Constitution, and the circumstances of its adoption, as well as a dictate of sound sense, that no unnecessary powers, even though expressly granted, should be exercised by the General Government; in other words, that the rights of legislature should be left to the States in all cases which do not require the interposition of Congress. Now, we are in favor of a bankrupt law, such as we think was intended by the words of the Constitution—a law applicable to individuals only; to what, or whether to any particular class of individuals, we will not at present inquire. We think that the evils of our present varied and conflicting systems of jurisprudence, in regard to bankruptcies, call for the establishment of uniform laws on this subject throughout the Union. But the evils to which we allude do not exist in the case of corporations—especially in that of banking companies. To be satisfied of this fact, we need only ask what these evils are. Let us look at the most prominent of them, and examine whether they are not confined to the ordinary State bankrupt systems, which operate on individuals or natural persons only.

It has been judicially decided that a State cannot make bankrupt or insolvent laws, which shall operate upon contracts entered into in any other State, or even within its own bounds, with a citizen of a sister State. It has, indeed, been doubted whether any contract can be discharged thereby, since the Constitution forbids State laws to impair the obligation of contracts. The unfortunate debtor, then, though rescued from imprisonment at home, is liable to it if he passes the boundary line of his own State. Though discharged from his debts to his fellow-citizens of Pennsylvania, he is yet bound to satisfy those contracted in New-York, or with its citizens. Had these points been otherwise determined, still the evils which would arise from the separate legislation of each State on this subject are various, though the enumeration of them here is unnecessary. Now, corporations, as we have before remarked, cannot be imprisoned; and in almost every case—invariably in that of banks—after the distribution of their effects, any further proceedings against them would be useless, and therefore never attempted; or, if attempted, could injure no one but the person instituting them. Congress, certainly, could not claim the right of making the stock-holders of a bank personally responsible for its debts. Even

granting that it has the right to make corporations—such as it finds them, created by the State governments—liable to bankruptcy, and to distribute their assets, the doctrine of implication, in its most unbounded extent, could never embrace a power to change entirely the nature of these bodies—to make them partnerships instead of corporations.

An evil growing out of that which we have just mentioned is, that individuals being thus liable on account of foreign debts, notwithstanding their discharge from domestic claims, pay the former, and then take the benefit of a bankrupt or insolvent law at home, when they have nothing left to satisfy the latter; thus defrauding a large body of their creditors. As we have just shown, banks would have no such motive for giving a preference to any particular class of creditors.

Again, a State bankrupt law may, perhaps, require domestic to be preferred to foreign debts. Of course, from the nature of bank-notes, no distinction of this kind can be made in regard to their redemption. And any attempt to give a preference to particular stock-holders, in the distribution of a surplus, cannot be reasonably feared, since such a law, in its operation, would recoil against the interests of the State, by preventing all besides its own citizens from becoming stock-holders in its institutions. As regards other debts, we remark, that one State may protect itself, in a good degree, from the unequal operation of the laws of another, by attachment and distribution of the effects and credits of the foreign bank, within its own precincts, which would generally bear a larger proportion to the corporation's debts within the same than is usual in the case of insolvent traders. The want of proper notice to creditors of other States is considered an evil in the operation of State bankrupt systems; but banking affairs are necessarily much more notorious than the circumstances of individuals. The intelligence of a bank's insolvency is carried on the winds to every part of the Union—of the commercial world. But we may conclude this matter by observing, that there is at present little danger of any State's adopting such a narrow policy—a policy as injurious to its own interests as to the rights of sister States.

We think that we have proved that the measure recommended to the consideration of Congress is unconstitutional, and even if it were otherwise, inexpedient. But we cannot close this paper without noticing the inconsistency of the recommendation with the course of the past and present administrations, and with the context of Mr. Van Buren's recent Message. The Executive distributed a large surplus revenue among a multitude of State banks, encouraged them to increase their issues and accommodations, and

proclaimed, with the greatest confidence, the entire success of the experiment—all this to show that a bank of the United States was unnecessary. The first adverse breath prostrated these Government pets—the United States Bank is accused, not of producing, but of being unable to relieve from the difficulty, and a bankrupt law is proposed as a just punishment for the general default. But why a uniform bankrupt law for corporations, if bank-notes are no longer to be received in payments to the United States? If such a measure were brought forward as a preliminary to establish these paper issues as a lawful currency, we should at once see the object. But now, it seems rather like a gratification of vindictive feeling than the result of sharp-sighted policy. We might have supposed that the bankrupt law was intended for the protection of the people—indeed the recommendation speaks of it as an “effectual remedy given to the citizen;” but then, the open avowal in other parts of the message, of the doctrine that Congress has nothing to do with the people’s distress, but should occupy itself wholly in relieving the embarrassments of the General Government, precludes such a supposition.

We close our remarks by quoting the words of Mr. C. H. Williams, a Representative for Tennessee. “I entreat this committee,” said he, “to pause, and calmly take into consideration the grand schemes of relief as proposed by the organs of the President in this house. First, we are called upon to postpone until doomsday the fourth instalment, under the deposit law of June 23d, 1836; secondly, to give indulgence on the merchants’ bonds; thirdly, to cut loose the Treasury from all banks, and rush into the golden age, and make the pockets of your officers your Treasury, which would increase, by the President’s own showing, the already enormous expenses of the government sixty thousand dollars per year; and, fourthly, (as if conscious that the measures proposed would produce universal bankruptcy,) a bankrupt law, as a winding-sheet for the deposit banks, is called for—an apt and appropriate provision on the catalogue of relief proposed by the Executive.”

TO MISS C. E****.

Few forms are fairer, lovelier than yours—
Few cheeks more glowing with health's luscious hue,
But think of Age, as father Time endures
And kills your friends around you, robbing you.
My fancy sees you sit, when years betide you,
Uncertain ear, cracked voice, and sightless eye,
Asking a little child who stands beside you,
Who is that aged man that totters by?—

Ah! now I see you proudly sitting here,
On vine-clad balcony, with lovers plenty;
But nothing will, in your old age appear,
To match the bright star and the rose, of *twenty*.
And let me answer—for I love the task,
And none can answer you so well as I,
The question then my fancy hears you ask,—
Who is that aged man that totters by?

His form was straight enough in olden time,
That now decrepit is, with palsied limb;—
He was not handsome, even in his prime,
But loved sincerely, and a few loved him:
With his old cane you hear his cautious tread,
As if he feared the ground away would fly;
I wish you could but see his hoary head,—
That weary, aged man that totters by.

Oh, would some learned alchemist might bring
His youth again, with all the hope it gave,
The happy thought and vigor of his spring—
Then he was Passion's unresisting slave,
And you would see the worship in a look,
And hear the homage only in a sigh,
He offered to the girl, who him forsook,—
That weary, aged man that totters by.

The bard's prerogative he loved, and woke
The willing lyre to, now and then, a strain
In praise of her,—but she, she never spoke
Word in reply, or sang to him again.
And winter after winter silvered o'er
His locks,—but he forgot not her bright eye,
And dreams, perhaps, of her, as your old door,
With his frail staff, he feebly totters by.

You ask his name;—Oh, if I breathe his name,
 'Twill youthful memories to mind recall;—
 I see you feeble, with no hand to claim
 A loving aid, in stepping, lest you fall.
 In solitude you lived, till Time has blended
 Your hopes in one, and left you here to die,
 And he, like you, is lone and unattended—
 That weary, aged man that totters by.

But this is Fancy's picture;—now, than yours
 Few cheeks more glow with health's delicious hue,
 Yet think of Age, as father Time endures
 And kills your friends around you,—robbing you.—
 I would not see you with a creaking voice,
 And ear inaccurate, and sightless eye,
 Ask about him who sought to be your choice,
 Who is that aged man that totters by?

T. H. H.

Mobile, October, 1837.

THE PRINCE'S PROBATION;
 A TALE OF THE GERMAN SOVEREIGNTIES.

BY JOHN INMAN.

CHAPTER II.

THE first day of our hero's experience in his new station has been described so much at length, in order to convey a full idea of the discomforts and annoyances to which he had become subject by his sudden elevation to rank and dignity; henceforth we shall carry him onward somewhat more rapidly.

It is not to be supposed that his whole time was passed between dinners and drawing-rooms; but although he was amply provided with other occupations, they did not materially increase his enjoyments. In the first place, he was given to understand by the atrocious Baron, that in his quality of crown prince there were many things which it behoved him to know; and to this end he was provided with a small army of masters, all very obsequious and deferential, but excessively tiresome. He had his dancing-master,

who made him learn how to walk, to stand, to bow, to sit, and to lounge, according to rule and the most approved fashion among princes ; his riding-master, who managed him just as though he had never mounted a horse in his life ; his drill-master, for whom the Baron insisted upon four hours per diem, in order that Max might qualify himself immediately for a colonel's commission, as indispensable to an heir apparent ; his music-master, who taught him, not how to play or sing, but how to criticise the playing and singing of others ; and half a dozen more, whose instructions were all requisite in the making up of a future Grand Duke.

Receiving the instructions of these disagreeable necessities, attending a review of his father's standing army three times a week, assisting at cabinet councils, in which the most important topics of discussion were changes of uniform for the different corps of which the said army was composed, and the dinners, levees, and drawing-rooms, were our hero's occupations ; his amusements were not much more entertaining, especially to a young fellow like him, who had done just as he pleased all his life.

He was expected to visit the opera once every week at the least ; and there he sat in grand state, with his attendants around him and the remorseless Baron for ever close at his side. If he was tired, he dared not yawn, and his native politeness forbade him to go away, because his exits and entrances always made such a commotion as to disturb the whole house ; and if he was pleased, and applauded or laughed, the actors and singers all stopped in their work and made him a low bow ; so that soon grew to be a very sufficient annoyance. He was invited out to a hunt almost every fair day ; but his riding-master was always close at his heels, the Baron jogged along at his side, and he was never suffered to stir without an escort of some dozen or twenty dragoons, as became the son of the Grand Duke of Pfaffenheimer. He could not walk half a dozen yards from the palace without being pestered by his cortege of attendants, or stay in his room without a visit from that most persevering of bores, the eternal Von Dummkopf. In short, Max began to perceive that he was destined never again to do what he liked,—to enjoy himself in his own way, or be left alone for half an hour together ; and five hundred times every day he cursed the hour in which he became a crown prince, and wished himself back with old Reinwald, the pretty Margaret, and the happiness he had lost from the moment in which he had left them.

Thus passed away six wearisome months, and Max had grown thin, moping, and stupid ; when the Baron one day brought him a summons to meet his father, and all the cabinet council of Pfaffenheimer, in grand consultation. The Prince was ushered, between

two long lines of bowing officials, into the council chamber; and having taken his seat on a chair of state at the upper end of the room, by the side of the grand duke's throne, had to sit still, and hear a long speech from the grand chancellor of the duchy—the point of which was, that it was time for him, the Crown Prince, to be married.

Now this was a thing to which Max had no earthly objection; but he had been long enough under the harrow of royalty, to suspect that the affair might not be arranged quite to his own taste by the solemn old fools—such was the irreverent epithet he was wont mentally to bestow on his father's official advisers—under whose rule he had already endured so much annoyance. I am afraid that he cannot be given the praise of so much constancy to his Margaret, as would set him decidedly against taking any other damsel to wife; but his six months of tutelage had not so far triumphed over the habit of twenty odd years, as to make him a mere automaton in the hands of the grey-beards about him—as all well-disposed princes are bound to be—especially in an affair of so much consequence to his feelings as marriage. Nevertheless, after turning the matter about in his mind, while the grand chamberlain made him another long speech very much like that of the grand chancellor, he came to the conclusion that he would make no objection at present, but wait until he had seen the illustrious lady proposed for his hand, and then be governed by circumstances. One thing he swore to himself with the biggest oath he had ever even imagined—that he would not marry unless he was pleased with his bride; and when he thought of the tabbies that haunted his father's dinners and card-parties, he felt quite sturdy enough to abjure princedom, and dukedom, and Pfaffenheimer, rather than yoke himself to any thing half so detestable.

In the meantime, however, it was incumbent upon him to make some sort of reply to the grand chamberlain and the grand chancellor; and as the best non-committal within his immediate reach, he was fain to answer to the effect that he reposed entire confidence in the paternal affection of his illustrious father, and the wisdom of his illustrious father's advisers. This appeared to be satisfactory; and the prince was given to understand that a grand convention of sovereigns—that is, of all the grand dukes and reigning princes, and other small royalties of the German empire—was proposed to be held in the course of three or four months, to deliberate on the state of the times; and that he might be prepared to see his future father-in-law and pre-destined bride, at the time of this great and important meeting.

We shall pass over the incidents of the six months that elapsed

before the negotiations and other preliminary arrangements for the council of petty sovereignties were completed; merely advising the reader that the course of our hero's life underwent no change for the better; that he thought more and more fondly of Margaret every day, and grew more and more tired of Pfaffenburg, his princely estate, and the perpetual Baron; and that, in due season, he was indulged with a sight of the illustrious princess appointed to share his throne, or rather of a very well-painted miniature, set in diamonds, according to which her royal highness the Arch-duchess of Sprandenburgh Schwerin was a very pretty, rosy-faced, blue-eyed, and golden-haired damsel of twenty or thereabout—and not by any means disagreeable in the eyes of the Prince Maximilian of Pfaffenheimer.

The Congress of royalties was appointed to be held at Züchdorpt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Züchsteimer-Vorlich; and thither, just twelve months after his translation from the village of Graffenwald, did Prince Maximilian repair, with his father and all the officials of his father's court, not omitting the Prince's especial horror, the Baron Von Dummkopf. The town was crowded with all manner of dignitaries, from Grand Dukes and Sovereign Princes down to court pages; and for the first time in a year, our hero found himself, to his great joy, so much less of a particularly grand and imposing personage, in the number of grand personages about him, that he was able, once now and then, to walk, or ride, or do any thing else that he liked, by himself, and after his own pleasure; for which blessing he felt especially grateful, as may be supposed.

The reader has been informed, that the time at which all these events took place was somewhere about the first years of the 19th century, when Napoleon was filling all Europe with the terror of his name and the heads of monarchs with uneasy anticipations. The Congress was held for the purpose of devising some means, if possible, to avert the perils with which the occupants of thrones were menaced by his victorious arms; and as the emergency was pressing, no more time was lost in proceeding to business, than was unavoidably consumed in arranging the various important points of etiquette necessarily arising in the conjunction of so many puissant rulers, all attended, like comets, by tails which made infinitely more display, and gave a vast deal more trouble, than the bodies to which they belonged. In fact, the ministers of the several potentates, being for the most part sensible, straight-forward men, who knew what they were about, had got together and finished their business within two or three days after the gathering; and although it was not to be expected that their nominal masters could effect their deliberations with such despatch—the fact of the matter

being that *their* deliberations were of very little importance—yet not much more than a week had elapsed before the Congress of sovereigns began its regular daily sessions. We must attend once at least, in order that we may appreciate the entertainment enjoyed by our hero for nearly a fortnight.

The palace of the Grand Duke of Züchsteimer-Vorlich was a fine old Gothic edifice, of ample dimensions; and the banqueting-hall of this palace, a long, wide, and lofty apartment, was fitted up with some splendour and a great deal of comfort, as the council-room of the royal Congress. There was a large fire at either end, cheerfully blazing away in a huge old-fashioned fire-place—a new carpet was spread on the floor—and some three or four dozen superb elbow-chairs, gorgeous with velvet and gold, and elaborate carving, answered the purpose of thrones for the powers and principalities. Having thus briefly described the place, we will make bold to enter, and, uncourteous though it may be, listen awhile to the consultations, and note the employments of the principal personages assembled.

These were in number about two dozen, nine of whom were seated around a long table covered with purple velvet, on which appeared several ancient volumes of formidable dimensions, a number of maps, five or six cocked hats, a reasonable proportion of military caps, and a round dozen of elbows. At the right corner of one of the fire-places sat an elderly gentleman, with a sleepy face and a brown wig, looking remarkably serious, and apparently trying to think; and at the left corner stood a tall, slender young man, with white hair, and large staring eyes of the lightest conceivable blue, enwrapped in a frock-coat with a standing collar, edged with gold-lace, and covered with frogs and embroidery. His hands were thrust into his coat-pockets, and it was evident, from the expression of his face, that his whole mind was employed in repressing an ardent desire to whistle. These were the Elector of Habersstadt and the Rhinegrave of Wachenschlager. Between them, and directly in front of the fire, stood three pudgy little men, with bald heads, and faces buried in moustache and whisker. They were habited all alike, in green hunting coats, white casimere small-clothes, and top-boots; they stood precisely in line, in exactly the same attitude; and all three were looking with all their might at the same object—a reflection of themselves in the great looking-glass at the other end of the room. These were neighboring potentates, their dominions lying in contiguity, and all together including about as much land as a large farm in Ohio or Pennsylvania. They rejoiced in the titles of the Margrave of Meiningen, Palgrave of Streiligen, and Landgrave of Weisnichtoo. They were noted for their excellent

opinion of themselves and each other, as specimens of nature's handiwork ; and although elderly and apoplectic, were commonly called the Three Graces. At the end of the table sat the Grand Duke of Züchsteimer-Vorlich—a huge man with red hair and a squint, but otherwise rather good-looking ; and at the other our entomological friend, the Grand Duke of Pfaffenheimer. The fire-place at his end of the room was specially occupied, in perfect conformity with the other, by five dignitaries, three standing in front, one at the right hand corner, and the fifth sitting at the left. The three were the Palgrave of Hohenstoffer, a handsome young man in a military undress which became him well, and which it was evident that he wore, not by royal prerogative, but professionally—the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Wassenstroff, a sickly-looking man of some forty or thereabout, with a pale intellectual face and a hump-back—and the Grand Duke Palatine, a very fat man in a monstrous blue coat with gold buttons. The individual standing at the right corner was our hero, the Prince Royal of Pfaffenheimer ; and opposite him, at the other side of the fire-place, sat his future father-in-law, the Grand Duke of Sprandenburgh-Schwerin—an old gentleman, with a stupid but ill-natured face, grey goggle eyes, a red nose, and an inveterate habit of twiddling his thumbs. The other seven occupying the chairs near the table, were princes and grand dukes and electors of sundry small bits of territory ; but as they did nothing but listen, their long and uncouth names are not worth recording. Five or six others were lounging about the room, occasionally exchanging a few words with each other, but most of the time yawning, taking huge pinches of snuff, twisting up their moustaches, and looking out of the windows. The conference being private and confidential, there were no pages or other court officers present, and even the ministers of the respective sovereigns kept out of the way, in order that their illustrious masters might tire themselves to their hearts' content with attending to business.

At the moment of our intrusion there was no oratory in progress, but the genius of royal eloquence was only inactive, not extinguished ; and the Grand Duke of Sprandenburgh-Schwerin was the first to give it vitality. His speech was laudable for its brevity at least, for he confined himself to a simple statement of what Napoleon's armies had done in the course of a few months, and to an assurance that it was time for them to be doing something, if they had no particular mind to be swallowed up, some fine day, by this great political leviathan, who tumbled kings and emperors about as though they were nothing but puppets. The Grand Duke's manner of speaking was terse and sententious, and when he wound up with the emphatic question, "What is to be done?" it was evident that

his address had made a strong, but by no means agreeable impression.

The only answer for some time was a general silence, in which those meditated who could, and those who could not, looked as much like doing it as their faces would let them. The Rhinegrave of Wachenschlager drew his hands out of his coat pockets, looked at them, and then put them back again; the Grand Duke of Pfaffenheimer took snuff; the Three Graces stared at each other with a helpless expression of troubled wonder; the Palgrave of Hohenstoffer glanced round the room, with something like contempt lurking in his handsome features, which quickly gave place to a kindlier expression, when his eye rested for a moment on the pale but thoughtful countenance of the princely humpback; the Grand Duke of Sprandenburgh-Schwerin twiddled his thumbs with tremendous velocity; and the squinting Grand Duke of Züchsteimer-Vorlich brushed up his red hair, and, rising from his seat, hemmed three or four times and began a long speech. As for our hero, the Crown Prince of Pfaffenheimer, if the truth must be told, his thoughts were much more occupied with speculations on the appearance and character of his destined princess, whom he had not yet seen, than with her father's eloquence or its theme; he was trying to conjecture what she might be like, from the personal qualities of her illustrious parent; and so far, the result was any thing but encouraging.

Unfortunately we cannot give even a sketch of the Züchsteimer oration. The twist in his royal highness's vision had a corresponding twirl in his mind, and having taken no notes at the time, we have quite lost the thread of his discourse, which, in truth, was somewhat tangled and "ravelly." The tone of his remarks was decidedly damnatory; he railed at the Emperor of Austria for suffering his armies to be beaten at Austerlitz, at the King of Prussia for the defeat at Jena, at the English for not spending ten times as much money as they did in putting down the usurper, at the French for fighting so like very devils, and at the whole race of Bonapartes as so many monsters of wickedness, and at Napoleon himself as the very incarnate friend of all mischief and tribulation. This was the staple of his exercitation; it was mixed up, however, with a vast quantity of miscellaneous declamation, somewhat too rambling to be strongly effective; and we could not discover that he made any definite proposition, or even threw out any suggestion of a practical nature at all suited to the emergency. He was heard with considerable attention by all except the Elector of Habersstadt, who had fallen asleep; the Grand Duke of Pfaffenheimer, who was studying the beauties of a large butterfly that he had got impaled

in the crown of his hat; and the Grand Duke Palatine, who was blessed with an enormous and insatiable appetite, and was evidently growing impatient for dinner. The Grand Duke's speech was more than an hour in length, and although it was heard with attention, as has been said, all parties seemed very glad when it was over. As for the Grand Duke of Sprandenburgh-Schwerin, he still twiddled his thumbs,

The next that took possession of the floor was the Rhinegrave of Wachenschlager—the young man so addicted to whistling. Although he prided himself on this accomplishment, his opinion of his eloquence was by no means derogatory; and he prosed along for another hour, during which he favored his hearers with a history of the French Revolution, a statistical account of the German principalities, and a full statement of the number and condition of the standing army of Wachenschlager, with a biographical sketch of its principal officers, beginning with himself as commander-in-chief. He compared Napoleon to a tiger, a hyena, an ostrich, a wild elephant, a hippopotamus, and a boa constrictor; to Julius Cæsar, Catiline, Diogenes, Tippoo Saib, and Timour the Tartar; and concluded with a solemn assurance that he must be put down, or half the crowned heads in Europe would have to get their own livings—which was the most sensible remark in the whole progress of his oration. When he had done, he put his hands into his coat pockets again, and looked extremely well satisfied with his performance. In the meantime, however, the Three Graces had seated themselves at three several windows, and were looking out at a Savoyard with a bear and two monkeys, who had stopped in front of the palace—the Grand Duke of Pfaffenheimer had been yawning desperately—the humpbacked Prince of Saxe-Wassenstroff and the Palgrave of Hohenstoffier had got together in a corner, where they were holding a consultation *sotto voce*—the Grand Duke of Züchsteimer was looking over one of the maps—the Grand Duke of Sprandenburgh-Schwerin twiddled his thumbs with more vigor than ever—and our hero was the only man listening, which he seemed to do with no little amusement. The Grand Duke Palatine had got out his watch, which he consulted every two minutes, looking remarkably hungry; and the Elector of Haberstadt had not yet waked from his nap. The moment that the Rhinegrave had finished, an adjournment was moved by the famished Palatine, who declared that it wanted but half an hour to dinner, and the sovereigns departed quite satisfied with the immense progress they had made in their business.

Very much such as we have described was the course of proceedings on the next day, and the next, and every day for a week longer; the principal difference being in the feelings of our hero,

who, from being at first amused by the dull fussiness and pomposity of his royal companions, became gradually weary, then bored, then *ennuied* to death, and finally driven beyond all patience by the monotony of their elaborate trifling; and when it is remembered that the abominable Baron was still hovering about him—or rather pinned to his coat-tail—and that each day and night brought with it its grand breakfasts, dinners, and drawing-rooms, with card-playing and concerts for the varieties, it may be conceived that by the time he had been a fortnight at Züchsteimer, he was a very disconsolate young gentleman, and by no means in love with his illustrious station—not having been, like the boy's donkey, brought up to it from his infancy. Moreover, he had seen the Archduchess of Sprandenburgh-Schwerin, and without descending to the particulars of the lack of resemblance between that illustrious lady and the picture for which her name had been very unrighteously borrowed, it is enough to say that Max had settled the question of marriage—in his own mind at least—by a solemn oath, (taken privately,) that he would not have her to wife to please all the crowned heads in Christendom and their ministers into the bargain.

In the meantime, however, the only two really clever men in the Congress—excepting our hero, who lacked the age and experience to fit him for a councillor—to wit, the Palgrave of Hohenstoffer and the humpbacked Prince of Wassenstroff, had conferred with the ministers of their royal brethren, and agreed upon a line of conduct, such as they deemed requisite in the approaching emergency; and a day was appointed for its proposition in full conclave. It was simple and obvious, if not likely to prove very successful. The principal feature of it was a close offensive and defensive alliance of all the dukedoms, principalities, margravates, and other dignities represented in the Congress, for a vigorous resistance to the arms of the French emperor—every one to contribute both money and men, to its utmost ability. In addition to this, it was deemed advisable to apply to all quarters for aid—to Austria, Russia, Prussia, and especially England, as the proprietor of the longest purse; and to escape all the troublesome questions of etiquette and state pride, that would be sure to arise among such a number of little powers with nothing to be proud of, the design was to entrust the command of the whole combined force to the generalissimo of one or another of these four great powers. This was the outline of the project agreed on by the two sensible personages and the ministers of their fellow-princes; but there was a vast multitude of petty details growing out of the state pride aforesaid, and the punctilios to be observed in a thousand different matters, which gave more trouble by far than the concoction of the scheme in its general bearings. By dint

of patience, however, and some management, the statesmen, some of whom were not quite as great fools as their masters, were wrought up to an agreement; and, as has been said, the day was appointed for bringing the matter to a conclusion.

The day came, and the Congress was in session. Most of the sovereigns were tired of Züchdorpt, and heartily tired of each other, and of what they were pleased to call business; but there was none so utterly worn out, so hopelessly weary of every thing that he did, and saw, and heard, and so earnestly longing for a change of almost any description, as Prince Maximilian of Pfaffenheimer. He was sick of the formal frivolities that seemed to make up the routine of royal life—pining for a day, at least, of freedom from the constraint of courtly etiquette—almost ashamed of his twaddling old father—horribly annoyed at the idea of marriage, with such a bride in prospect as the Arch-duchess of Sprandenburgh-Schwerin—and as for the detestable Baron, who seemed to take more delight than ever in boring him, he could almost have found in his heart to strangle the old plague in pure vexation of spirit.

Such were the feelings with which he entered the Congress hall in the palace of Züchdorpt, on the seventeenth day of the royal meeting. Listless, and weary, and sick of heart, he took his place at the right hand corner of the fire-place, opposite the Grand Duke of Sprandenburgh-Schwerin, and resumed his usual occupation of watching the thumbs of that illustrious personage as they twirled, one over the other, with the constancy of a steam-engine. But although his eyes remained fixed on the revolving members, his mind soon wandered to other subjects; and so profound was his sad and desponding reverie, that he heard not a word that was uttered before him, although the only man in the whole conclave, for whom he felt any real liking, the young Palgrave of Hohenstoffer, was the principal speaker, and the subject under discussion was the plan agreed on by that potentate and the hunchback. If the truth could be known, I have no doubt that the thoughts of our hero had wandered back to the peaceful and happy home of his childhood—the kind old Peter Reinwald and his comfortable mansion—the young companions with whom he had shared in the rustic game, and the forests in which he had hunted the wild boar, or rambled from morning till night, with no company but his own thoughts, no control save his own inclinations.

Of a sudden he was roused from his abstraction by the loud clatter of a horse's feet, galloping up the court to the door of the palace, and a hurried movement of surprise and expectation among the personages around him. Rapid footsteps were then heard approaching the door of the apartment, and in a moment the door was partly

opened, and the head of the prime minister of Züchsteimer-Vorlich was seen at the aperture. It was evident that something had happened which outweighed court ceremony, and the voice of the hunchback commanded the statesman to enter. His face was pale, and his expression that of unmingled horror as he obeyed; and after placing an open despatch in the hands of his master, dropped into a chair as one utterly overcome with emotion and unconscious of what he did.

There was a general cry of "What is it, in Heaven's name?" from the assembled powers; and the Grand Duke answered by reading the letter. It was short—from a secret emissary at the court of the Tuileries—and simply announced that the Emperor Napoleon had consolidated certain territories in Germany, including the states of all the monarchs then present, into a kingdom for one of his brothers; and that they, the said monarchs, were consequently stripped at one blow of their dominions, their subjects, their royal titles, their armies, and their revenues.

The effects of this intelligence, to use the favorite expression of the newspapers, may be more easily imagined than described. There was first a brief interval of silence—the blank silence of unutterable amazement and stunning horror—and then a turmoil of ejaculations, consultations, interrogations, and lamentations. "What shall I do?" said one, and "Where shall I go?" said another. "What is to become of me?" whined the gormandizing Palatine, and "God bless me!" exclaimed the Three Graces with one voice. The thumbs of the Grand Duke of Sprandenburgh came to a standstill, and the great blue eyes of the whistling Rhinegrave seemed to be growing perceptibly larger. The Grand Duke of Züchsteimer-Vorlich squinted with both his, and the hunchback slipped out of the room, in company with the gallant young Palgrave, with whom he had labored to so little purpose. As for the poor butterfly hunter, he did not half understand what the commotion was all about, and sat still, looking bewildered; but Max, who did understand perfectly well, and could not find in his heart to be sorry, except for his father's sake, stepped up to him where he sat, and taking him kindly by the arm, said, "Come, father, this is no place for you or for me. Pfaffenheimer is lost, but there is a home for us both in the peaceful dwelling of my good old uncle; there you shall catch finer butterflies than you ever saw; and as for me, I shall be happy once more—and marry my dear cousin Margaret."

THY LOVE.

BY J. N. M'JILTON.

It rises like a sun of joy
On life's uncertain sea ;
When passion's waves roll wild and high,
Its light is shed on me.
I hail it when around my path
Clouds of misfortune lower ;
And in affliction's depths I feel,
Its soothing—soft'ning power.

'Tis lovely as the light of heav'n,
As fadeless and as pure,
And shines alike in storm and calm,
My only cynosure.
The world without its beams would be
A wilderness of gloom—
A dismal pathway to a dark
And yet more dismal tomb.

When like a wanderer I seem,
Unblest by friendship's smile—
When no kind spirit lingers near
My sadness to beguile—
As a sweet minister of bliss
It comes upon my heart ;
And doth, in its subduing strength,
A priceless peace impart.

How turns the sea-boy from the wave,
As dear as hope to him,
To gaze on the receding shores
In distance growing dim ?
How fall the quick, unconscious tears
Into the foaming brine,
As round his little heart he feels
Affection's tendrils twine ?

He thinks of the dear home he left
Beyond the seas afar ;
And wonders if 'tis bright as e'er,
And how the loved ones are.

Insensibly the tide of woe
 Athwart his bosom sweeps ;
 His face he buries in his hands,
 And bitterly he weeps.

The grief that gathers at his heart
 No circumstance can move ;
 Till, like a star amid the storm,
 Beams forth—a mother's love.
 A mother's love ! how sweet it comes
 O'er throes of aching ill ?
 In soothing accents, soft and low,
 It whispers—peace, be still.

And ever when pale sorrow sweeps
 O'er me her Siroc-breath,
 I seek the star, whose beams can cheer
 The dreariness of death.
 It comes, a spirit from the past,
 My weakness to reprove ;
 'Tis all of hope—of life to me,
 That sainted thing—THY LOVE.

Baltimore.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.—No. 6.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

I HAVE, for three months, been observing the proceedings in the two political chambers of France. Their Legislation, the Bills approved, the Bills rejected, the various opinions evolved in their discussion,—these constitute one broad and significant type of the time.

The Chamber of Peers is, as you may be aware, composed of two hundred and fifty-nine members. They are appointed by the king, out of certain classes of notable citizens, designated in the charter. At the age of twenty-five they may sit in the chamber ; at that of thirty, they vote. Their various titles are of Duke, Marquis, Count, Viscount, and Baron. The Princes of the Blood Royal are Peers

by birthright. This body's sanction is indispensable to the enactment of all laws, and it constitutes the only tribunal whereby ministers, accused by the Chamber of Deputies, may be tried, and also persons charged with high treason, or any offences against the surety of the State. It holds its sessions, far away from the other Chamber, over in the old palace of the Luxembourg,—a palace that has around it as much revolutionary, consular, imperial, and Bourbon history, as any edifice in the kingdom. You enter beneath a lofty portal, into a large open court. Through a door at one of its corners, you pass up a flight of stairs, showing your yellow ticket, first to a national guard, and then presenting it to a liveried huissier, who conducts you up a narrow staircase, dimly lamp-lighted, and dreary enough to recall certain avenues in the old prisons of state at Venice. Out from that staircase, you pass into the strangers' gallery, and now down before you may be seen whatever France possesses of Peers of the realm. The charter which annulled every creation of nobility by Charles X., permits no exclusive privileges to that existing for life, under Louis Phillipe and his successors. The king may make nobles at his pleasure, but he can give them only rank and honours, without any exemption from the charges and duties of society.

The Peers sit in a semicircular hall, not unlike the senate-room of the United States, resembling also the chamber of Deputies, though much smaller. Its diameter is about eighty feet. At the middle of this diameter is a carved-out recess, wherein stands the chair of President Pasquier, who is, moreover, Chancellor of France, circled behind which are several statues, and between them hang many standards captured in old wars. The member's benches are ranged amphitheatrically in front of the President. Whoever would address the assembly, may ascend the tribune. Seldom, however, have I seen any of them taking that trouble. Generally their few ideas have been delivered without moving from their place. In personal appearance, they differ somewhat from the members of the other house. The coats of each are gold embroidered. They likewise present a less number of juvenile heads; and as for the matter of tumult and lively action, they are quite tame in such comparison. Thenard, the great chemist, attracted eyes by his shaggy head of hair; Victor Cousin, by his spirituality and airs of pertness; and long I looked upon the worn and impressive features of Marshal Soult. Looking is indeed the only purpose for which, this winter, I have ever visited the chamber of Peers. Had my object been hearing, I should invariably have come to be disappointed. Except the Marquis de Dreux Brézé, there is hardly an orator in the whole assembly. And as for interesting discussion, the enunciation of

principles, the developement of reasons for this or that policy, there has not, thus far in the session,—I write upon the 10th April, 1837,—been an occasion worth crossing the Seine to enjoy. Until my recent experience, I had no just conception of the political *zeroism* of the French Chamber of Peers. The present opinions and feelings of the nation, the wants and progress of this society, have not therein been, this year, revealed. There they sit, three or four days of each week, listening to tedious reports, talking lazily about bills before them, looking forward to the trial of Meunier, Lavaux, and Lacaze, and then adjourning. How wide the contrast between the political importance of this assembly and that of the United States' Senate or the English House of Lords! The daily political press discusses none of their proceedings, speaks seldom of their men. When the political progress of the week is summed up, little or no allusion is made to that body. The ministers are seldom in their benches there. Had the Chamber of Peers never been, by the king, convoked in December 1836, I firmly believe that public feeling and public knowledge would have been no other than what they are at present. A report of one of their sessions is barrenness itself, and the occasional news of journalists about them is, that the affair of Meunier has been, by the Peers, postponed to the latter part of next week, or next month.

Where, then, shall we look for the present politics of France? About what is this loud political discussion of the press? Where *are* the ministers upon their benches? When may you see the great results, and also one great source, of public opinion? Only at the Chamber of Deputies. This is the sole national chamber of France. Go, then, and watch its fluctuations and its permanences, if you would know in what corner sits the wind of general feeling. Go there, moreover, if you would hear France's best orators and her most stupid readers. Go there if you would see the finest parliamentary hall in the world, and likewise assembled therein four hundred and fifty-nine law-makers, more turbulent, more disorderly, more abounding in chat and motion, than any law-makers whereof Christendom, or even Pagandom, can be possessed. In this assembly are one hundred and sixty-nine public functionaries, whereof seventy-four are magistrates of different French courts, and forty are military gentlemen. Of the two hundred and ninety members, not public functionaries, forty-six are advocates, eight are doctors, three are bankers, six are manufacturers, eight are masters of forges, five are notaries, and the rest are proprietors, cultivators, or rentiers. An American, accustomed to hear the voice of every citizen in the election of his representatives, is somewhat surprised on learning that these so-called representatives of France, of thirty-three and a

half millions of people, are elected by only eighty thousand of the qualified. The phrase Representative Government, as understood broadly and liberally in the United States, is applicable to no political organization in France, or even in England. How slow is progress towards that state, now so generally deemed the end of all political association,—the application of the opinions, the sentiments, the feelings, the demands of the general people.

I was first in this chamber on the 17th of last January. The subject before the assembly was the address to the king in reply to his opening speech. The debates upon it continued nine days. They engaged the first men of the chamber, among whom as orators stood foremost, Odillon Barrot, Guizot, Passy, Thiers, Duvergier de Hauranne, and Berryer. The chief article in the address related to intervention in Spain. That question, you are aware, destroyed the last and created the present Cabinet,—the Cabinet of the 6th September. Its agitation in the chamber was tremendous indeed. I heard speak upon it Pierre Antoine Berryer.

The chamber, as you know, is in form a hemisphere. The seats rise gradually, each behind the other, as they radiate out from the centre. At that centre, in a somewhat elevated chair, sits President Dupin. Before him is the tribune or pulpit, up to which each member ascends, who would speak out or read forth his speech. I like this idea of the tribune. It isolates the orator. It brings him more conspicuously before the eyes of the House. It gives a more parliamentary form to his delivery. I object to it, however, as not isolating the orator enough. It still conceals just half his form. It gives him wherewithal to *lean* his gaucherie and awkwardness upon. Favorable this doubtless is, to the careless and the unstudied. By one who knows that eloquence is greatly an art, among whose elements are figure and position, as well as face-expression and gesture, such pulpit-screen cannot be desired. Nay, by such it will be desired away. It helps to destroy the dramatic part of his situation. No portion of the delivery of Marc Antony's speech over the body of Cæsar, was ever to me so unimpressive as that which precedes his descent from the Roman pulpit. I thought Mr. Berryer, as he mounted into the tribune, wished its elevated front away, that his compact and muscular frame might stand full forth in the open presence of the whole assembly.

Ere he commenced, Mr. Berryer looked around him for a moment amidst profoundest silence. At his left hand was the *extreme gauche*, on one of whose front seats sat Odillon Barrot, in folded arms, with Lafitte and Arago. That portion of the Chamber represented the radicalism and the republicanism of France. Between *its* opinions and *his* doctrines rolled oceans broad and for ever unpassable. At

its side was the party called the *centre gauche*. Here was seated the brisk and spectacled statesman, Thiers. Around that leader were beating fifty hearts, not one of whose throbs were in political sympathy with those of the man at the tribune. Right abroad before him extended the large *centre*, the two hundred and forty-two sustainers of the present ministry, the redoubtable *Doctrinaires*. On the three front seats were ranged, with their portfolios before them, every member of the Cabinet. Mr. Guizot was Minister of Public Instruction. Count Molé, minister of Foreign Affairs, was there. Perril was Minister of Public Justice. Duchatel had the portfolio of the Finances. Gasparin was minister of the Interior, Martin of Commerce. Bernard and Rosamel were there—the one Minister of War and the other of the Marine. Between this *centre* body and Mr. Berryer were a very few sentiments in common. Next to the *centre*, and, as it were, interdovetailed with it, sat the *centre droit*. With the opinions in those seats, Berryer was far from being at war. They were ultra *Doctrinaires*, and they embraced, though with no cordial hand, the opinions, the feelings, the hopes and the fears of the party on their left, the party of the *extreme droit*, the sombre and sullen party of the Legitimists, the few fond rememberers of the dynasty of Charles X. Among them sat Lamartine, and from their ranks had just walked forth the orator. Their opinions he was now about to develop. Around the Chamber, in the galleries, in the royal and diplomatic boxes, were ambassadors, princes, and gentlemen—duchesses, and many titled dames, among whom was chiefly conspicuous, the Princess Lieven, and elegant ladies, not merely from all parts of Europe, but of the world. They had here assembled only to hear the eloquence of yonder man in the tribune. Their eyes rested on a body of middling stature, toughly built, just forty-seven years of age thirteen days before, and buttoned tightly up to the chin in a blue frock-coat. His face was of determined and massive make, surmounted by a forehead, calm and rather expansive. That face and forehead were, two hours hence, to be charged with blood, and flaming like firebrands. Mr. Berryer was a lawyer. He, moreover, centered around him the love and the hopes of the old Royalist party. To him that party ever looked for mouth-defence and vindication. He had always been the defender of the *La France* and the *Quotidienne*, so often, in the last six years, dragged into the culprit's box at the Cour d'Assises. He had written much in a sort of thundering style; his voice had sounded like thunder many a time from the spot whereon he now stood; and in this Chamber he was representing the department of Haute-Loire—a department which, on that educational map picturing the comparative intelligence of various sections of France,

by various colors, from the very dark to the very bright, looks black as Erebus.

Mr. Berryer's position was peculiar. He was the man of a proscribed and fallen dynasty. What right had *he* to be discoursing to such an assembly as this? Will he be listened to? What dare he say? How will he be received? I was captivated by the easy non-chalant manner with which he now thrust his left hand deep down into his bosom, and the sort of bull-dog defiance with which he looked around upon his audience, as, placing his right hand clenched upon the tribune before him, he uttered his first idea:—"the subject now before the assembly is the grandest which has occupied France for the last six years." He then went on enunciating his thoughts. He attacked and he denounced. He seized upon the ministry, as it were by the throat, pinning it against the wall. Leaving the ministry, he dashed over to the Opposition. He blazed away at them without fear and without remorse. He attacked the policy of Intervention, and also of Non-Intervention. He mowed about his scythe into this and that opinion, this and that feeling, this and that policy, always with fearlessness, always with power. "Why do they endure this?" said I. "Why do they not, as usual, interrupt the speaker?" First, Mr. Berryer belongs to the past. His words will do no great harm. Second, Mr. Berryer has a splendid voice, and a certain resistless grandeur of manner. But he *was* interrupted. "I tell you," said Berryer, "there can be no intervention in Spain." "Pourquoi?" asked a piping voice in the *centre gauche*. "Pourquoi?" shouted Berryer with scorn and energy. Then was a movement general. "Parceque," continued Berryer, and then paused. The agitation in the Chamber suspended him for a moment. "*Because*," resumed the speaker, "all reasons for so intervening involve consequences which you will unhesitatingly *reject*. *Because* what this ministry desires is *impossible* in Spain. *Because* what the opposition wishes can *never* be accomplished. You asked me the *pourquoi*, you have my three *parceques*." After a pause, he said, "I am now going to develop these truths. I shall wound your ideas, but that's another reason for hearing me with attention." And so he went on, developing his truths and wounding ideas. The interruptions soon became very frequent. He called Don Carlos by the recognition of Charles V. Said a voice in the *gauche*—"We know nothing of Charles V. any more than of Louis XIX., or of Henry V." Mr. Berryer went on, "When Charles V. shall be triumphant"—(tremendous interruptions)—"When Charles V. shall be"—here the confusion had grown into what the French call *un bruit épouvantable*. The President rang his bell incessantly. I recalled certain sittings of the

Convention in the old Revolution. The minister of public instruction arose, and in his place declared, with emphasis, that such words could not come from that tribune. "We know no Charles V," said he. "We have to do only with Don Carlos." "Eh bien," says Berryer. "I care not about words. When Don Carlos"—and here the satisfactory ejaculations of "Ah, ah, enfin," were murmured throughout the assembly, and the orator, shrugging significantly his shoulders, went on. He went on to new denunciations and to new interruptions. "Silence!" exclaimed Berryer. "I'll stand here till I am heard. I have ideas to speak forth, and I *will* speak them;" and then he placed himself into a dogged, obstinate position, which declared, emphatically, *no budging hence*. Silence was at length restored, and Berryer continued. A little man on a distant seat in the *centre* interrupted him, saying—"Mais non, ce n'est pas cela, ce n'est pas cela." "Come down to the tribune, sir, if you wish to speak," shouted Berryer; "but, for God's sake, do not interrupt me thus." To one quite green in French political assemblies, the scene was altogether extraordinary. In what is called an *interruption*, every member moves with discontentment in his seat, tosses up impatiently his hands, mutters something to himself, his neighbor, or the speaker; some ten or twenty rise up, passions flare in the eye, the President rings loudly his bell, the sworded huissiers cry out—"silence, Messieurs, silence;" and the orator in the tribune, looking solitary and sullen, merely sips, by way of diversion, some sugared water from the glass at his right hand. Mr. Berryer spoke two hours. His voice continued clear and powerful. His gesture was chiefly with his right hand, and not unlike the sledge-hammer style of Webster. His position and manner were full of vigor and independence. So much for the vehicle. His thought was dramatic in a very high degree. His ideas were condensed into the smallest possible quantity of words. His speech sounded well, and it reads well. Its delivery, right in the face of that Opposition, and those Doctrinaires, seemed to me proof of no ordinary moral courage. When it was concluded, Mr. Berryer descended into the *extreme right*. Several gentlemen of that section felicitated him, and Lammartine shook him warmly by the hand. The whole assembly arose. Several went out into the conversation rooms. Many gathered in groups, gesticulating violently. The hall, for fifteen minutes, was all in hubbub. One of the huissiers, in sombre livery, placed a fresh glass of sugared water at the tribune. The president rang his bell to order. Cries were frequently heard of *en place, Messieurs, en place*; and looking down into the tribune, I saw, leisurely leaning upon its desk, a little, thin, bronze-complexioned man, in a black dress coat and white cravat. His face was rather solemn and im-

pressive. The brows projected, and from light falling down through the chamber's single window in the ceiling, cast sombre shadows over all his features. This was Mr. Guizot, the author, among other works, of thirty volumes of French history; lately made member of the Academy of moral and political sciences, Minister of Public Instruction, and Chief of the Doctrinaires.

"It is but seven years," he slowly began, still leaning familiarly on the tribune, "it is but seven years since, that the last honorable speaker and myself entered this chamber; he to sustain the ministry of M. De Polignac, I to batter it down, (*tres bien, tres bien*, muttered twenty voices,) he to oppose the Address of the 221, I to support it, (*new acclamations.*) We have both of us been, since that time, and we are still to-day, true to our origin and to our principles. What he did seven years ago, he has just now done. What I then did, I do to-day." I was much pleased by this quick grouping of the preceding and the present speaker. A few words had opened the wide chasm that yawned between them. They showed Mr. Guizot belonging to the present, Mr. Berryer standing on the past. The little statesman went on. I was charmed with his distinct and slow enunciation. His voice was firm, though it lacked the volume of Berryer's tones. I was pleased with the compressed neatness of his delivery, and the luminous arrangement of his thought. Others seemed equally pleased. The ejaculations of *tres bien, tres bien, bravo, oui, oui, oui*, chased each other up, for the next half hour, very rapidly from the *centre*. He went on developing himself with few *interruptions*, but with many *sensations*, many *marks of adhesion*, many, what the French call, *vifs assentiments*. He declared that France would continue in her recent and present course with regard to Spain; that she would not *engage* herself, but would attempt to act, and *would* act, so as to serve that country, and to baffle the designs of the Pretender. Here Odillon Barrot cried out,—"*Je demande la parole.*" It was to signify that he desired to speak, at this sitting or on the morrow.

I have often heard Mr. Guizot at the tribune. I have always been impressed by his solemn and conciliatory tone and manner. I like his terseness of thought, and the measured precision of his speech. I like his neatness, his *nettété*, as his friends call it. I like him for never wandering out of the circumference of his subject. Ten times a day he will ascend the tribune to answer questions or objections. How swiftly does he conceive out the necessary answer, and with what concise distinctness does he not enunciate it! I know of nothing, in its way, more delightful than to hear Mr. Guizot, after announcing that he rises to place the subject before the Chamber on its true foundations, go on to separate from it the

nets and entanglements, flung around it by preceding speakers, and in five or ten minutes, to make what was dark confusion regular and transparent as the day. Mr. Guizot's doctrines are terribly attacked, never his character or his intellect. There is nothing about him of blaze or fire. All is calm, practical, passionless. I think him the most adroit speaker in the Cabinet. Indeed, he is almost the only *speaker*. Count Molé *reads*, and so do others of the ministry.

When Mr. Guizot had concluded, Mr. Sauzet ascended the tribune, and after him Mr. Remusat, with a little bundle of manuscripts. He commenced *reading* his speech. I confess I am surprised to find so many members of this assembly *reading* their speeches. I was not prepared for such exhibition, in a nation famed for their much and admirable conversation. The French are reputed quick and nimble of thought and tongue. They are so. But they do not seem capable of sustained efforts. They can chat with the best parrots in the world. Very few of them care about *speaking* consecutively, three, four, or five hours, on a single theme. There is no continuing over a speech, as with us, to the second or third day. Spoken or written, it is never what we call long-winded. This reading of speeches, however, is becoming of less and less favor. The press endeavors to laugh it down. The chamber itself does not seem altogether to like it. The taking out of a manuscript is generally one signal for inattention. Mr. Remusat, as I said, began to read, and immediately twenty members getting up, walked into the couloir and hemicycle for conversation. Twenty others took up pens for letter writing. A half dozen stared at the Princess Lieven through lorgnettes. The extreme gauche betook themselves to lively talk around Odillon Barrot. The extreme right glowered at them in morose and bitter silence, while every moment President Dupin arose to ring his bell. The session, which commenced, as usual, at two o'clock, closed, as usual, at six. The debate on the Address continued three days longer. It was finally adopted by a majority of eighty-five voices. Such vast majority produced wide sensation. The Opposition were not prepared for it. The ministry had not dared to reckon upon it. The debate had stirred up and evolved the opinions of the chamber. The vote had settled them into form and distinctness. Eh bien, thought Mr. Guizot, rubbing his hands,—we are well sustained. We shall go strongly and triumphantly on. Let us congratulate ourselves upon this first manifestation of attachment to the Cabinet of September 6th. We shall carry out some grand measures. We shall make permanent a grand policy. I am at the head of the Doctrinaires. A future of success is before me.

Do not dream too confidently, Mr. Guizot. You are indeed strong now. Beware how you presume upon your strength. There are storms in the future. You are to be railed at by saucy voices from yonder tribune, and saucier tongues in the Parisian press. You are to meet with shocks,—nay, with reverses; and there is *one* defeat awaiting you, that shall make you start in yonder ministerial seat, and shall half snatch the portfolio from your hand.

J. J. J.

LAMENT OF JOSEPHINE.

THE Empress! what's to me the empty name?

This regal state? this glittering pageant-life?

A tinsel cheat!—am I not crowned with shame?

Shorn of my glorious name—NAPOLEON'S WIFE!

Set with a bauble here, to play my part,

And shroud, with veil of pomp, my breaking heart?

'Tis mockery!—thought is with the days, ere thou,

Seeking the world's love, unto mine grew cold—

Ere yet the diadem begirt my brow,

Tightening around my brain its serpent fold!

When each quick life-pulse throbbed—unschooled of art—

When my wide empire was Napoleon's heart!

—It was a sweet, sweet dream of happiness

And trusting faith. Oh, moments born of bliss!

Woe for the heart whose deep devotedness,

Saw not in that bright hour, the gloom of this.

Woe for that wild awakening to a fate,

By thee—by thee, so loved—made desolate!—

—My spirit quails before this loneliness!

Why did no warning thought within me rise,

Telling, thy hand would stay its fond caress,

To wreath the victim for the sacrifice!

That joy—the dove, so to my bosom prest—

Would change to this keen vulture at my breast!—

—Parted for ever!—who hath dared make twain

Those HE hath joined?—the nation's mighty voice!

And thou hast bounded forward from thy chain,

Like the freed captive! therefore—heart! rejoice

Above the ashes of thy hopes—that he

Hath o'er their ruin, leapt to liberty!

LONG.

ANTIQUE EPISTLE CONCERNING BEVERAGE.

The following is copied from a Book printed in 1750, entitled, "Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign, Historical, Political, and Philosophical. By JAMES HOWELL, one of the Clerks of his late Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council." The work is to be found in the Congress Library at Washington.

To the Right Hon. the Lord CLIFF.

MY LORD,

WESTMINSTER, 7th October, 1634.

Since among other passages of entertainment we had lately at the Indian Ordinary (where your lordship was pleased to honor us with your presence,) there happened a large discourse of wines, and of other drinks that were used by several nations of the earth; and that your lordship desired me to deliver what I observed therein abroad, I am bold now to confirm and amplify in this letter, what I then let drop extempore from me, having made a recollection of myself for that purpose.

It is without controversy, that in the non-age of the world, men and beasts had but one buttery, which was the fountain and river; nor do we read of any vines or wines till two hundred years after the flood: but now I do not know or hear of any nation that hath water only for their drink, except the Japannois, and they drink it hot too; but we may say, that what beverage soever we make, either by brewing, by distillation, decoction, peccolation, or pressing, it is but water at first: nay, wine itself is but water sublimed, being nothing else but that moisture and sap which is caused either by rain, or other kind of irrigations about the roots of the vine, and drawn up to the branches and berries by the virtual attractive heat of the sun, the bowels of the earth serving as a limbec to that end; which made the Italian vineyard-man, (after a long drought, and an extreme hot summer, which had parched up all his grapes,) to complain that *per mancamento d'aqua bevo dell' acqua se io havessi acqua beverei el vino*; for want of water, I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine. It may be also applied to the miller, when he had no water to drive his mills.

The vine doth so abhor cold, that it cannot grow beyond the 49th degree to any purpose; therefore God and nature hath furnished

the north-west nations with other inventions of beverage. In this island the old drink was ale ; noble ale, than which, as I heard a great foreign doctor affirm, there is no liquor that more increaseth the radical moisture, and preserves the natural heat, which are the two pillars that support the life of man. But since beer hath *hopp'd* in among us, ale is thought to be much adulterated, and nothing so good as Sir John Oldcastle and Smug, the smith, was used to drink. Besides ale and beer, the natural drink of part of this isle may be said to be Metheglin, Braggon and Mead, which differ in strength according to the three degrees of comparison. The first of the three, which is strong in the superlative, if taken immoderately, doth stupify more than any other liquor, and keeps a humming in the brain ; which made one say, that he loved not metheglen, because he was used to speak too much of the house he came from, meaning the hive. Cyder and Perry are also the natural drinks of part of this isle. But I have read in some old authors of a famous drink the ancient nation of the Picts, who lived 'twixt Trent and Tweed, and were utterly extinguished by the overpowering of the Scot, were used to make of decoction of flowers, the receipt whereof they kept as a secret, and a thing sacred to themselves ; so it perished with them. These are all the common drinks of this isle, and of Ireland also, where they are more given to milk, and strong waters of all colors. The prime is Usquebaugh, which cannot be made any where in that perfection ; and whereas we drink it here in aqua vita measures, it goes down there by beer glass fulls, being more natural to the nation.

In the seventeen provinces hard by, and all Low Germany, beer is the common natural drink, and nothing else ; so is it in Westphalia, and all the lower circuit of Saxony, in Denmark, Swetheland, and Norway. The Prusse hath a beer as thick as honey. In the duke of Saxe's country there is a beer as yellow as gold, made of wheat, and it inebriates as soon as sack. In some parts of Germany they use to spice their beer, which will keep many years ; so that at some weddings, there will be a butt drank out as old as the bride. Poland also is a beer country ; but in Russia, Muscovy, and Tartary, they use mead, which is the naturalest drink of the country, being made of the decoction of water and honey : this is that which the ancients called hydrome. Mares' milk is a great drink with the Tartar, which may be a cause why they are bigger than ordinary ; for the physicians hold, that milk enlarged the bones, beer strengtheneth the nerves, and wine breeds blood sooner than any other liquor. The Turk, when he hath his tripe full of Welaw, or of mutton and rice, will go to nature's cellar ; either to the next well or river, to drink water, which is his natural common

drink; for Mahomet taught them that there was a devil in every berry of the grape, and so made a strict inhibition to all his sect from drinking of wine, as a thing profane. He had also a reach of policy therein, because they should not be incumbered with baggage when they went to war, as other nations do, who are so troubled with the carriage of their wine and beverages; yet hath the Turk peculiar drinks to himself besides, as sherbet made of juice of lemon, sugar, amber, and other ingredients: he hath also a drink called *cauphe*, which is made of a brown berry, and it may be called their clubbing drink between meals, which, though it be not very gustful to the palate, yet it is very comfortable to the stomach and good for the sight. But notwithstanding their prophet's anathema, thousands of them will venture to drink wine, and they will make a precedent prayer to their souls to depart from their bodies in the interim, for fear she partake of the same pollution. Nay, the last Turk died of excess of wine, for he had at one time swallowed three and thirty oaks, which is a measure near upon the bigness of our quart; and that which brought him to this, was the company of a Persian lord, that had given him his daughter for a present, and came with him from Bagdat. Besides, one accident that happened to him was, that he had an eunuch, who was used to be drunk, and whom he had commanded twice upon pain of life, to refrain, swearing by Mahomet, that he would cause him to be strangled if he found him the third time so; yet the eunuch still continued in his drunkenness. Hereupon the Turk conceiving with himself that there must needs be some extraordinary delight in drunkenness, because this man preferred it before his life, fell to it himself, and so drank himself to death.

In Asia there is no beer drank at all, but water, wine, and an incredible variety of other drinks, made of dates, dried raisins, rice, divers sort of nuts, fruits and roots. In the Oriental countries, as Cambaia, Calicut, Narsinghac, there is a drink called Banque, which is rare and precious; and 'tis the height of entertainment they give their guests before they go to sleep, like that of nepenthe which the poets speak so much of; for it provokes pleasing dreams and delightful phantasies; it will accommodate itself to the humor of the sleeper; as, if he be a soldier, he will dream of victories and taking of towns; if he be in love, he will think to enjoy his mistress; if he be covetous, he will dream of mountains of gold, &c. In the Moluccas and Phillippines, there is a curious drink called Tampoy, made of a kind of gilliflowers, and another drink called Otraqua, that comes from a nut, and is the more general drink. In China they have a holy kind of liquor, made of such sort of flowers for ratifying and binding of bargains: and having drank thereof,

they hold it no less than perjury to break what they promise : as they write of a river in Bithynia, whose water hath a peculiar virtue to discover a perjurer ; for if he drink thereof, it will presently boil in his stomach, and put him to visible tortures. This makes me think of the river Styx, among the poets, which the Gods were used to swear by ; and it was the greatest oath for the performance of any thing. It put me in mind also of that which some write of the river of Rhine, for trying the legitimation of a child being thrown in ; if he be a bastard he will sink, if otherwise, he will not.

In China they speak of a tree called Magnais, which affords not only good drink, being pierced, but all things else that belong to the subsistence of man. They bore the trunk with an auger, and there issueth out sweet potable liquor ; 'twixt the rind and the tree, there is a cotton, or hempy kind of moss, which they wear for their clothing ; it bears huge nuts, which have excellent food in them ; it shoots out hard prickles above a fathom long, and those arm them ; with the bark they make tents ; and the dotard trees serve for firing.

Africa also hath a great diversity of drinks, as having more need of them, being a hotter country far. In Guinea, or the lower Ethiopia, there is a famous drink called Mingol, which issueth out of a tree much like the palm, being bored : but in the upper Ethiopia, or the Habassins country, they drink mead decocted in a different manner. There is also much wine there ; the common drink of Barbary, after water, is that which is made of dates. But in Egypt, in times past, there was beer drank called zithus in Latin, which was no other than a decoction of barley and water ; they had also a famous composition (and they use it to this day,) called chiffi, made of divers cordials and provocative ingredients, which they throw into water to make it gustful ; they use it, also, for fumigation : but now the general drink of Egypt is Nile water, which of all water may be said to be the best, insomuch that Pindar's words might be more applicable to that than to any other. It doth not only fertilize and extremely fatten the soil which it covers, but it helps to impregnate barren women ; for there is no place on earth where people increase and multiply faster. 'Tis yellowish and thick, but if one cast a few almonds into a pot full of it, it will become as clear as rock water. It is also in a degree of lukewarmness, as Martial's boy :—

" Tolle puer calices tepidique torcumata Nili."

In the new world, they have a world of drinks ; for there is no root, flower, fruit or pulse, but is reducible to a potable liquor, as in

the Barbado island, the common drink among the English is mobbi, made of potato roots. In Mexico and Peru, which is the great continent of America, with other parts, it is prohibited to make wines under great penalties, for fear of starving of trade; so that all the wines they have are sent from Spain. Now for the pure wine countries; Greece, with all her islands, Italy, Spain, France, one part of four of Germany, Hungary, with divers countries thereabouts, all the islands in the Mediterranean and Atlantic Sea, are wine countries.

The most generous wines of Spain grow in the middle parts of the continent, and St. Martin bears the bell, which is near the Court. Now, as in Spain, so in all other wine countries, one cannot pass a day's journey, but he will find a differing race of wine. Those kinds that our merchants carry over, are those only that grow upon the sea-side, as Malagas, Sherries, Tents, and Alicants. Of this last there's little comes over right, therefore the vintners make Tent (which is a name for all wines in Spain, except white,) to supply the place of it. There is a gentle kind of white wines, grows among the mountains of Galicia, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called rabidavia. Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting; they have an odd stone we call Yef, which they use to throw into their wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting. There's also a drink in Spain called alosa, which they drink between meals in hot weather, and 'tis a hydromel made of water and honey, much of the taste of our mead. In the court of Spain there's a German or two that brew beer; but for that ancient drink of Spain, which Pliny speaks of, composed of flowers, the receipt thereof is utterly lost.

In Greece there are no wines that have bodies enough to bear the sea for long voyages; some few Muscadels and Malmsies are brought over in small casks: nor is there in Italy any wine transported to England but in bottles, as verde and others; for the length of the voyage makes them subject to pricking, and so lose color, by reason of their delicacy.

France, participating of the climes of all the countries about her, affords wines of quality accordingly; towards the Alps and Italy she hath a luscious, rich wine called frontiniac: in the country of Provence, towards the Pyrenees, and in Languedoc, there are wines concustable with those of Spain: one of the prime sort for white wines is that of Beaume, and of clarets that of Orleans, though it be interdicted to wine the king's cellar with it, in respect of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in France, so in all other wine countries, the white is called the female, and the claret or red wine is called the male, because, commonly, it hath more sulphur, body,

and heat in it. The wines that our merchants bring over grow upon the river Garon, near Bourdeaux, in Gascony, which is the greatest mart for wines in all France; the Scot, because he hath always been a useful confederate to France against England, hath (among other privileges) right of pre-emption, or first choice of wines in Bourdeaux; he is also permitted to carry his ordnance to the very walls of the town, whereas the English are forced to leave them at Blay, a good way distant down the river. There is a hard green wine that grows about Rochel, and the islands thereabouts, which the cunning Hollander sometimes uses to fetch; and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs, or some other infusions into it (as he doth brimstone in Rhenish) to give it a whiter tincture, and more sweetness; then they re-embark it for England, where it passeth for good Bachrag, and this is called *stumming* of wines. In Normandy there's little or no wines at all grows, therefore the common drink of that country is cyder, especially the low Normandy. There are also many beer-houses in Paris and elsewhere; but, though their barley and water be better than ours or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make beer in that perfection.

The prime wines of Germany grow about the Rhine, especially in the Psalts, or Lower Palatinate about Bachrag, which hath its etymology from Bacchi ara; for, in ancient times, there was an altar erected there to the honor of Bacchus, in regard of the richness of the wines. Here, and all France over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married, as it is in Spain for them to wear high shoes, or to paint till then. The German mothers, to make their sons fall into hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put some owls' eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which, twingling in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor, and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after. From Bachrag the first stock of vines, which grow now in the grand Canary Island, were brought, which, with the heat of the sun and the soil, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied and lasting wines, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness, of any other whatsoever; it hath little or no sulphur at all in it, and leaves less dregs behind, though one drink it to excess. French wines may be said to pickle meat in the stomach; but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutri-fieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor. Of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, that good wine makes good blood,—good blood causeth good humors,—good hu-

mors cause good thoughts—good thoughts bring forth good works—good works carry a man to heaven; *ergo*, good wine carrieth a man to heaven. If this be true, surely more English go to heaven this way than any other, for I think there's more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides. I think, also, there's a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine, than there is brought in; for Sherries and Malagas well mingled pass for Canaries in most taverns, more often than Canary itself; else I do not see how 'twere possible for the vintner to save by it, or to live by his calling, unless he were permitted sometimes to be a brewer. When Sacks and Canaries were brought in first among us, they were used to be drunk in Aqua Vitæ measures, and it was held fit only for those to drink of them who were used to carry their legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an almanack in their bones: but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk.

The countries that are freest from excess of drinking, are Spain and Italy. If a woman can prove her husband to have been thrice drunk, by the ancient laws of Spain she may plead for a divorce from him. Nor, indeed, can the Spaniard, being hot-brained, bear much drink; yet I have heard that Gondomar was once too hard for the king of Denmark, when he was here in England. But the Spanish soldiers that have been in the wars of Flanders, will take their cups freely, and the Italians also. When I lived t'other side the Alps, a gentleman told me a merry tale of a Ligurian soldier, who had got drunk in Genoa; and Prince Doria going a horseback to take the round one night, the soldier took his horse by the bridle, and asked what the price of him was, for he wanted a horse: the prince, seeing in what humor he was, caused him to be taken into a house, and put to sleep: in the morning he sent for him, and asked him what he would give for his horse? "Sir," said the recovered soldier, "the merchant that would have bought him yesternight of your highness went away betimes in the morning." The boonest companions for drinking are the Greeks and Germans; but the Greek is the merrier of the two, for he will sing, and dance, and kiss his next companion; but the other will drink as deep as he. The Greek will drink as many glasses as there be letters in his mistress's name; the other will drink the number of his years, and, though he be not apt to break out into singing, being not of so airy a constitution, yet he will drink often musically, a health to every of these six notes, *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*; which, with his reason, are all comprehended in this hexameter.

" Ut Relevet Miserum Fatum Solitosque Labores "

The fewest draughts he drinks are three ; the first, to quench the thirst past ; the second, to quench the present thirst ; the third, to prevent the future ; I heard of a company of Low Dutchmen that had drank so deep, that, beginning to stagger, and their heads turning round, they thought, verily, they were at sea, and that the upper chamber where they were was a ship ; insomuch that it being foul, windy weather, they fell to throwing the stools and other things out of the window, to lighten the vessel, for fear of suffering shipwreck.

Thus have I sent your Lordship a *dry* discourse upon a *fluent* subject ; yet I hope your Lordship will please to take all in good part, because it proceeds from

Your most humble and ready

Servitor,

J. H.

STANZAS.

DARK are thy forests, Sullivan ; but yet
 There is a mournful beauty in their shade,
 When thy meek foliage, with the dew drops wet,
 Thy grassy slopes, or thy green gladsome glade,
 Or the brown wild-flower, or the oak leaf sear,
 Which tell the tale of each departing year,
 Life's merry moments seemingly upbraid.

Full many a tale could those old forests tell,
 Full many a legend, had they tongues to speak,
 Of the far-echoing whoop, the stern death knell,
 The Indian council-fire, the savage shriek ;
 Or of the deadly fight with paler foe,
 Or warrior chieftains, whose bleached bones lie low
 Beneath some spreading beech or ground-moss weak.

Aye—many an Indian maiden's plighted vow,
 Was breathed to Him the master of her scul,
 In gentle, half-heard, whisperings and low ;
 Where the still waters of yon trout-stream roll ;
 Where many a warm and oft-repeated kiss ;
 Where many a pure and passionate caress,
 Have hallowed yonder beauteous, rose-crowned knoll.

Those days are past, and now the green-wood rings
 With the rude carol of the pioneers ;
 And where the sepulchre of Indian kings
 Once was, there now the homely cottage rears
 Its peaceful roof; and round, the fruitful fields
 A welcome harvest to the woodman yields,
 And peace and plenty to his garner brings.

Speak, if ye may—ye records of the Past ;
 And thou, old oak tree, whose gray withered trunk
 For more than fourscore years has borne the blast
 Of winter, and whose crimson leaves have drunk
 Of the bright dew-drops which from heaven descend ;
 Say, mourn ye not your ancient masters' end,
 With your old moss-grown limbs and branches shrunk ?

Aye, the low south wind through your foliage green,
 Sighs a sad answer as it dies away,
 Like the Eolian's melancholy strain
 Floating on Zephyr's breath at close of day ;
 I know those notes, and their deep echoes seem
 Like the faint murmurs of a midnight dream,
 A death-dirge as o'er hill and dale they stray.

X.

Monticello, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

THE GOLD-HUNTER ;

A TALE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"——— What is here?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold?"

Timon of Athens.

CHAPTER I.

IF you would enjoy the country in perfection, you should leave the city at the precise time when the fashionable tourists are flitting homeward from their summer jaunts. When Saratoga is no longer populous, Nahant deserted, and Rockaway forsaken, then plunge yourself into the heart of rural life. Do this towards the latter part of September. Are you a sportsman? At that time partridges are rife. Are you a pedestrian? Then the air is cool and bracing, and a march of fourteen miles before breakfast is a "circumstance." Ride you? In September the roads are in excellent condition. If you are a poet or a painter, choose this season for your ramblings. What glorious tints are on the rich, misty hills, so blue and undefined, their summits mingling with the soft autumnal sky. The hazy river winds along, filling its channel with melody and beauty; and the woods, where here and there a yellow leaf appears, now sombre but not melancholy, exert a gentle influence upon the soul. As the day steals on, the landscape brightens apace. The mist-wreaths curl up from the valleys, climb the mountains, and catching golden hues in the lofty vault of heaven, pass away like the gossamer dreams of hope and love. The winding river reflects the deep azure of the sky, save where its ripples sparkle in the sun like shivered glass. The noon is sultry; but a grateful breeze tempers the heat as it sweeps from the depth of the cool woodlands, dimples lake and stream, and plays with the mimic billows of the grain-fields. The reaper stays his sickle for a moment, as he welcomes the freshening wind; and away speeds the viewless messenger, rustling the ears of maize, and brushing its golden tassels as they flicker in the sun. Your loud step in the stubble rouses the quail with her numerous family, and away they whizz to some secluded spot. The pumpkin-fields display

their huge orange-colored hoards ; and association brings to mind the pleasures of Thanksgiving—its hearty hospitality and mirth, and rustic pleasantry. Prize this glorious season ; for it is, alas ! but transitory. Soon—too soon—Destruction will revel in field and forest. The maple will glow in its hectic beauty at the first kiss of the forest ; the broad crown of the oak will become sere and rusty ; the birch tree will turn yellow, and the graceful elm fade day by day. The fields will be deserted by the laborers, the sportsman will steal through rustling leaves, and the whole landscape assume a threadbare and forlorn appearance. Enjoy, then, the brief hour of glory and beauty ; drink from the cup of bliss while its bubbles dance upon the brink.

Reader, did you never go to Hollywood ? 'Tis some fifty miles from Boston, in the heart of a hilly country ; but oh ! in the bosom of those stern hills there is many a spot of such luxuriant beauty, that the heart would dance in your bosom to behold them. The view of Hollywood, through the Green Gap, is worth five hundred miles of travel. Its amphitheatre of purple hills, its assemblage of grey crags and feathered knolls, its white buildings gleaming among the trees and reflected in the waters, its trim gardens and its winding brooks !—were I an artist, I might hope to paint them.

Many a happy hour have I passed at Holywood beneath the roof of Farmer Bolton, a jolly agriculturalist, who owns his hundred acres, and has a shrewish wife, a fine intelligent daughter, and a host of sturdy sons. The Farmer lives there yet. He is a Yorkshireman, and a good specimen of a rough, bluff, hospitable, hard-handed, hard-riding son of the North Countrie. He came to Hollywood many a long year ago, with what he termed a “power of money ;” and well might he conceive it so, for it procured him a noble farm. Having made himself “comfortable loike,” he purchased twenty head of cattle from a neighbor, and while concluding a bargain with the old gentleman, struck one with his daughter, a tall, keen-eyed, peak-nosed young lady of thirty. “Canny Yorkshire” was a bit deceived when he thought Miss Tabitha Persimmon the most amiable of women. However, she “kept his gear thegither,” and annually presented him with a pledge of her affection. As every addition to a farmer’s family is a source of revenue, jolly Joe Bolton hailed with joy the appearance of each new claimant on paternal affection ; and he looked forward to the time when, retiring to the repose of his huge arm-chair, he should entrust the labors of his farm to the abler hands of a dozen sturdy sons.

Jolly Joe Bolton rose at five and worked till dark. Constant exercise and hearty feeding made him almost as broad as he was long. His occasional recreations were a day’s fishing in a neigh-

boring pond, or a gallop of a few miles to a shooting-match. He had but one bad habit, and that was, a propensity to lounge of evenings in a pet chair in the bar-room of the Banner of Liberty, the only public-house in Hollywood. Here he met the squire and the schoolmaster, and two or three dissipated hangers-on—men out at elbows and down at heel, who were toppers by profession. These latter were true sons of New England—I mean New England rum. As they accomplished no labor, they considered themselves the *élite* of Hollywood, and kept up a kind of spurious gentility, with their faded green and black garments, their rusty stocks and superannuated beavers. One, *par eminence*, had acquired the fame of a storyteller, in consequence of which, he was “treated” at the tavern, and dropped elsewhere. He had once held a commission in the militia, where he formed those evil habits which had reduced him to his present state of degradation. Captain Josiah Sandford, or Sy, as he was popularly termed, was the Sir Walter of the village.

It was a sultry evening in September. Not a breath was abroad to wave the dusty foliage, and lift the muslin curtains of the Banner of Liberty. The bunch of asparagus tops that filled the chimney-place was parched and withered. The tallow candles on the bar burned with unwavering brilliancy. The mosquitoes hummed hoarsely through the room, as if they stood in need of something to drink; and the great house-dog lay upon the floor, with his tongue lolling out of his mouth. Colonel Hateful Bemis stood within his bar, alternately dispensing beverage to his customers, and wiping the drops of perspiration from his forehead.

“Blasted hot!” said Captain Sy, polishing his purple, perspiring visage with the remnant of a cotton pocket-handkerchief, which must have been the very one that caused the murder of the “gentle lady wedded to the Moor.”

The remark was addressed to jolly Joe Bolton, who entered the bar-room at that moment.

“Ees it be, zure enough,” replied the jolly Yorkshireman. “Come, Captain, give it a name.”

And jolly Joe winked twice, chuckled, laid his fore-finger to his nose and walked up to the bar. Nothing loth, the bulwark of the Massachusetts militia followed.

“What’l you have, *gentlemen*?” asked Colonel Hateful, with a satirical emphasis on the last word, as he glanced at the forlorn and threadbare equipments of Captain Sy.

“I’ll take a glass of yale;” said the Yorkshireman. “And the Captain”——

“I’ll have a leetle sperrit, I believe—jest to keep the heat out.”

In winter the Captain drunk to keep the cold out, in wet weather

to keep the damp from striking in, and in dry weather jest to "kinder ile his works."

"Here's to you, Mister," said the Captain, as he decanted a glass of flaming liquor, which sent a twinkle to his dull gray eyes, and deepened the paly purple of his nose.

"Now, Captain," cried Joe, as, lighting his pipe, he sat down with the representative of the chivalry of Hollywood. "Can't you find summat to talk about?"

"Wa-al, I don't know. I forget eenymost every thing now-a-days. My memory's amost chewed up. But, by the way, I've been a wantin' to come acrost you for a long while. Want to ax you if you've found any thing on your farm?"

"Found what?" inquired jolly Joe.

"Gold and silver;" replied the Captain in a whisper, winking with an air of mystery.

"Nonsense!" cried the Yorkshireman.

"Wa-al," said the son of the sword, "it ain't no matter."

"Yees, but it be though—domned if it beant!" said the Yorkshireman. "What made thee ax't, man?—Do tell us now—coom!"

"Oh! it ain't no matter," said the hero of sham-fights, proudly, indifferently. "It ain't no matter. Jest thought you might like to know—most folks like to make a leetle sutthin, jest to whelp 'em along when they're past labor. Hain't been able to do it myself—that's no reason 'why I shouldn't gin another fellar a helpin' hand. But 'taint no matter."

"Well, mon," said Canny Yorkshire, assuming an air of indifference—"If ye dunna loike to tell it, e'en keep it to yourself."

Captain Sy fidgetted in his chair. "Hain't no objection to tellin' on it, if you've a mint to hear on it. If it wasn't so darned hot, and my mouth as dry as sole-leather, I mought let out a leetle sutthin."

"Take a drop o' something to refresh your memory."

"Wa-al, I don't keer if I do," said the delighted toper. "Kurnil, you may mix me a glass of punch—a real snorter; and while you're a mixin' on it, tell your boy to dror a mug of cider; and while he's a drorin' on it, I'll jest take a pitcher of beer."

It was certainly a very dignified thing in the leader of platoons to snap his fingers after having imbibed stimulants enough to destroy a less valiant man; but heroes have their failings.

"Wa-al," said he, "now I've *wooded up*, I can go a-head like lightning." Drawing his chair close to that of his companion, Captain Sy laid his hand upon his arm to bespeak his attention, and began as follows:—

"Great while ago, when this here toun was all timber and swamp-

land—huckleberry-bushes and skunk cabbages—when the first settler come to fell and build, he found the hull country in the hand of one Squotterkin, a Pequot chief. He was a snorter of a fellar—as big as a bull—and only had one failin—hem!—he was fond of rum. Wa-al, that warn't much agin' him. But what was sing'lar—instead of wearin' glass beads and bits of tin, like the other red-skins, he had rale goold bracelets, and a rattler of a bit of goold as big as a hunk of gingerbread about his neck. The first settler, an ancestor of mine, axed the old chief whar, in the name of thunder, he got that specie. The tarnal critter shook his head, and wouldn't. Then the settler—may as well call him my grandfather—treated Squotterkin, gin' him rum. That onlocked the riptyle's heart—so he up and told him, that he found the ore on his land; but he said the devil showed it to him; that the ore belonged to the the devil, and it could only be got at midnight, in the full of the moon. Whether that was all talk and no cider, I don't know. Wa-al, my grandfather give old Squotterkin a barrel of rum and a hatchet for the biggest half of this 'ere toun; and the old chief went west, and was carried off by a fit of the horrors. Some say Old Nick flew away with him. However, it was a pretty good speculation, though my grandfather never mined, nor found any goold there. Somehow or other it passed out of the hands of the family; and as for me, I hain't got land enough to bury a musquitto in. But I raally advise you to be sharp. More things than potatoes may be dug out of that 'ere land, though there's no kind er question but what Old Nick must be consulted first—'cause he's your lawful landlord, arter all. But I say, I must shet up—'cause here's Lawyer Facias lookin' this way and listenin'. Wouldn't haive him know the secret, 'cause he'd find a flaw in your title-deeds, whip you out of the Forest Farm, and himself into it, in the snapping of an ox-chain."

It was now late, and Joe Bolton thought it time to retire. The lamps were getting dim, and Colonel Bemis was nodding in his chair. Four men were leaning up against the wall, shaking hands and swearing to stand by each other, although evidently unable to stand by themselves. Two or three professed tipplers were asleep in chairs, and even the squire was singing through his nose. So the farmer shook hands with his military acquaintance, and went home. Once or twice, as he crossed a lonely stile, he thought he saw a tall black figure stealing over the grass, but it was only the lengthened shadows of the swaying birch-trees. That night he dreamed of discovering mines of wealth. Piles of ducats, rupees, ingots, louis d'ors, and eagles, seemed to solicit his attention, and woo him to appropriate them; while hundreds of little fiends were busily

sweeping away the gold-dust from beneath his feet, as if that was not worth the gathering.

CHAPTER II.

Shrill chanticleer aroused the yeoman from his slumbers the ensuing morning, and he donned his garments with his customary promptness. Already were his sons afield, and the forms of the brindled cattle were speckling the distant meadows. How delicious was the balmy air of the cool gray morning, breathing as it did of briery hedges, and bloomy fields, and new-mown hay! The little birds shot upwards from the copse with shrilly twitterings, and the rabbit stole across the path as Joe Bolton trudged along on his way to a distant field of corn it was his purpose to inspect. Before he reached it, he had to thread one of those dark, deep swamps so common in New England. Although partially drained, the footing was in many places insecure. Pines and hemlocks shot upwards from its unctuous soil to a vast and appalling height; while the brilliant and odorous swamp-honeysuckle, the blueberry, and dwarf birch clustered at their bases. The shining mock-orange trailed its green and thorny festoons from tree to tree, threatening the yeoman with a rough salute. All throughout this damp and dismal region a grey mysterious twilight reigned, and it struck a melancholy even to the soul of jolly Joe Bolton. However, he trudged sturdily along, whistling a merry tune with unfaltering breath. Once or twice he made a mis-step, and tumbled in a bog; and as often as he met with this mishap, he thought he detected, mingling with a dry, suppressed chuckle, the cries of "Bolton! Joe Bolton! Joe! Joe! Joe!" But it was only the croak of the bull-frogs and the crackling of girdled trees. At length he emerged from the swamp. At this moment he could have sworn he saw a black figure hovering over a green-mantled pool, which vanished as soon as he observed it. But this may have been all fancy. He had no sooner quitted the confines of the swamp than he again stumbled. This time he fairly fell. As he groped about with his hands preparatory to rising, he encountered a stone. He was about to fling it aside, but a hasty glance showed something shining in the rough heap; and the honest Yorkshireman uttered almost a yell of delight, for he recognized a glittering mass of gold.

"I'm domned if it ain't pure gold!" cried the honest fellow. "My fortin's made, zure as the devil's in Lunnon."

"Gold? hey? Is it?" cried Lawyer Facias, suddenly appearing. "Then I give you joy, Mr. Bolton."

"Thankyee," replied the farmer, discontentedly. "Dang it!" he muttered to himself. "I'd rather Facias had been at whoam—but he's putting his nose into every body's mess."

"Let me look at the soil," said Facias. "Why, farmer, there's every indication of a vein. 'Egad, you're a lucky man. But harkee! I'll give you one piece of counsel."

"Gratis?" asked the farmer.

"Free, gratis, for nothing at all," said Facias, smiling. "Don't make much talk about this. I'll tell you why. I'm not so sure of the soundness of the title by which you hold this estate. The man of whom you bought it was a very great knave."

"Yees—he were a lawyer;" said the Yorkshireman, winking.

"The Squire has his legal doubts," said Facias. "So mind you say nothing of this windfall. I'll keep your secret. More good luck will follow."

"And what must I give ye, mun, for keeping the secret?" asked the farmer. "They say you lawyers doant do nothing for nothing."

"Pooh! pooh!" cried Facias. "I only wish to be neighbourly."

"You're deady koind," said jolly Joe. "Come, man, sit thee doun wi' me on this bit of a rock, and tell I how I mun goa to work to get more gold; for, zounds, I'm in a desput hurry to get rich."

"Aye—there's the rub," said Facias. "It is not enough simply to dig in the ground. I have no doubt that precious metals and stones are scattered freely over the whole surface of God's earth, and it was originally intended that the husbandman should turn them as freely with his share as clods of marl. But they are under the guardianship of an evil power."

"You mean Ould Nick," said the Yorkshireman.

"Assuredly."

"Well, Maister Facias," said the honest yeoman. "I wont try to deceive ye—I do believe in that. My good ould mother—rest her bones!—taught that and the Bible to me at the same time—and downn it! I believe in both."

"You talk like a sensible man!" cried Facias. "Well, sir, we must propitiate this Evil Spirit."

"Jockey him a bit, mun, hey?" exclaimed the Yorkshireman. "'Ecod! then, you're the very chap to do it, Maister Facias—you're acquainted with his ways."

"Nonsense," said the lawyer, peevishly, "I know nothing of the art of finding metals, but I know a man in New-York state, the hither side of Albany, an old Dutch scholar, Dr. Nicholas Vanbrunner, a graduate of Leyden, who can manage this affair to perfection. 'Tis but a hundred and thirty miles to his place of residence. If

you choose, I will send for him, and he will soon put you in possession of the treasures beneath your feet. He, however, must receive a large per centage for his trouble. What say you? Have you a mind to send for him?"

"Ecod! I will," cried the Yorkshireman. "Your Dutch Doctor is the very chap. I've heard of him. He'll do it, nice as ninepence. I shall be so rich, and—Maister Facias, come and breakfast wi' me."

CHAPTER III.

It was late one stormy evening when a knock was heard at the front door of Farmer Bolton's house. Jolly Joe himself opened it, and standing on the threshold, beheld Lawyer Facias wrapped in an old plaid cloak, and holding an umbrella.

"Come," said he, "Dr. Nicholas Vanbrunner has arrived, and will see you to-night in a room at the Banner of Liberty. He has unpacked his apparatus, and will show you a proof of his skill."

Jolly Joe Bolton snatched his hat, and accompanied the lawyer to the tavern, where, without pausing in the bar-room, they went directly to the apartment of the low Dutch necromancer. He was a little withered old gentleman, dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a sharp, twinkling eye, and a cynical twist about the mouth. He was comfortably seated in a mahogany arm-chair, smoking a very venerable meerschaum. He did not rise from his chair, or withdraw the pipe from his mouth, on the entrance of his visitor, and merely nodded his head when Facias introduced the farmer.

"This is Mr. Bolton," said the lawyer.

"Yaw—yaw," replied the doctor.

"Who owns the farm I described to you," continued Facias.

"Yaw," said the doctor.

"You understand?" said Facias.

"Naw," replied the doctor.

Facias addressed him in Latin.

"Coom, now," said the farmer. "I'll make ye a fair offer, doctor. Ye shall have a half of all ye find. Do ye understand?"

"Yaw," replied the doctor, briskly.

"'Ecod! he understands that fast enough," said the Yorkshireman. "I think gold, mun, ha' been the original language."

Dr. Vanbrunner now rose with much reluctance, and opening a little chest, produced a small black bottle which might have held perhaps a pint. A pleasant perfume diffused itself throughout the apartment, as if a hundred roses had suddenly blossomed, and cast their fragrance on the air.

"It is the magical Elixir," whispered Facias.

Dr. Vanbrunner drew the cork from the bottle, and holding the orifice to his nose, appeared to inhale the aroma with peculiar delight; for his little bright eyes twinkled, a strange smile writhed his sarcastic lips, and his nostrils expanded like the stag's in Marmion.

"It is goot!" said the Dutchman, as he handed it to Joe.

"None of your devil's drink for me, mon," said the Yorkshireman, putting it away.

"Nonsense, man," cried Facias, "I'll be your taster." And he drank a little to show Bolton that his scruples were unfounded.

Thus assured, the farmer took the bottle, and applied it to his lips; nor did he remove it until he had imbibed a large portion of its contents. Dr. Vanbrunner smiled complacently as he replaced the flask.

"Now den," said the doctor, "for de magic glass."

He drew a small box from his chest, in the top of which a polished lens was inserted, and having wiped the glass with great care, he placed it on the table before Farmer Bolton.

"Look! look! mynheer!" said the Dutch doctor. "Put fatever you sees, I pray you do not say von vort."

Farmer Bolton gazed and gazed. At first his vision could detect no distinct image, but presently a strange light flashed upon his eyes, and he beheld an exact representation of the house in which he lived. Every thing was life-like. Smoke issued from the chimneys, and the confused babble of fowls sounded from the poultry-yard. The trees and flowers waved as if agitated by a gentle breeze, and he heard the lowing of cattle from the watery meadows. Alarmed, aghast, he would have turned away but for a change in the scene before him. He beheld the dark and dismal swamp, with its perilous quagmires, its green pools, and its flowering honeysuckles. That, in turn, departed; and he gazed upon the memorable spot on which he had discovered the golden ore. As he looked steadfastly upon the surface of the earth, it opened, and gazing into a yawning cavern, he beheld a greater store of wealth than his imagination ever conjured up. Heaps of rubies and emeralds adorned the rocky sides of the cavern, and far down were huge piles of shining ore. Seated on a rock, however, near the entrance, was a figure of forbidding aspect, a tall black man, grasping a pitchfork, with a pair of horns upon his head. The legs terminated in two cloven hoofs, and a graceful tail twisted into many a spiral curl, lay before the demon on the rocky floor.

"'Ecod!" cried Joe, raising his eyes to Vanbrunner: "I ha' seen the old 'un."

The doctor hastily seized the box—a wild strain of music issued from the interior, but he returned it to the chest.

“To-morrow, mine frient,” said the doctor; “to-morrow, mine very goot frient—we will make de grant experiment.”

He then explained, by the help of Facias, that it was necessary for the farmer to deposite in the earth a goodly sum of gold, which, by its chemical affinity, would draw all the loose metal to its neighborhood, and indicate the region of the vein. As for the guardian demon, Doctor Vanbrunner promised to subdue him. So the parties separated for the night. But 'ere he went to bed, Joe Bolton committed one hundred guineas to the bosom of the earth.

CHAPTER IV.

For one brief night Farmer Bolton enjoyed all the feelings of a millionaire. I once heard of a man, who was informed by a bill stuck in an office window that his lottery ticket had drawn the highest prize. He took a short turn to recover from the shock of his good fortune, but when he returned to the window, he found the number of the fortunate ticket had been changed. So fared it with honest Joe Bolton; he had no sooner formed his plans for the disposal of his fortune, than it vanished like the mirage of the desert. But I am anticipating.

The night which followed the interview with the doctor was gloomy as the preceding one, and the gold-hunting trio arrived at the spot, drenched and dispirited. The doctor placed the lantern on a stone, and produced a bottle of the magical elixir. It revived the spirits of the party, and they went to work. The clouds at midnight broke away from the face of heaven, and the moon came shining out like a silver lamp, hailed as a welcome omen by the doctor and the farmer. The clink of pick-axe and spade announced an important discovery, and the united strength of the party was requisite to bring to light a huge iron pot of ponderous weight. This was an unexpected piece of good fortune, for it was filled to the brim with Spanish gold coins of a very ancient date. A little deeper they came to an old mouldering oaken chest, crammed, like the iron pot, with ancient coins. Then pile after pile of shining ore was rescued from the earth. Among other things Dr. Vanbrunner turned up Bolton's box of guineas. As the gray light of the morning began to streak the distant east, the exhausted triumvirate sat down to a division of the spoils.

“To you, doctor,” said the joyous farmer, “belongs half.”

"No—no—" said the disinterested Dutchman. "Dis hundret guineas is enough for me."

"Not so," replied honest Bolton. "At least, let me add a handful of these coins."

"Enough! enough!" cried the Dutchman. "Py Gott! I vill take no more, mein frient."

"As for you, Maister Facias," said Bolton, "your share is a fair third."

"Not a doit! not a stiver!" cried the generous Facias. "All I ask is this, friend Bolton. In future, think better of attorneys for my sake."

The Dutchman and Facias then shook hands with Bolton and departed. The farmer went home, harnessed his horse to his waggon, returned and carried off the spoil. Overcome with fatigue and excitement, he threw himself upon his bed and slept. When he awoke again it was high noon. The family had breakfasted, and his wife met him with reproaches as he descended to the parlor.

"Ah! wife! wife!" cried the honest man. "If you knew what I'd been about, you wouldn't look so desput cross this morning."

The mystery was soon explained—The iron pot, the oaken chest, and the waggon-load of ore produced. Alas! poor Bolton! All thy imaginary wealth was brass and copper. The deception was but too apparent. He rushed to the Banner of Liberty. Colonel Hateful Bemis and Captain Sy were there, but where was the great Dutch doctor? From hence the infuriated yeoman went in search of Facias. His sign hung by one nail: the door was locked—the shutters were unclosed. The lawyer, who was deeply in debt, had doubtless eloped. The whole truth flashed upon the mind of Bolton. Facias and the doctor were in league together, and had shared the hundred guineas between them. They were never seen in Hollywood again. As for Farmer Bolton, he looked rather gloomy for a time, but by and by good cheer and heavy crops restored his spirits, Jolly Joe became himself again, and though he now relates his story with good humor, yet he never fails to add—ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

LOSS OF THE HOME.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

WERE there no mysterious warnings heard
On the morn of the fatal day
When the treacherous bark her anchor weighed,
And sailed from the peaceful Bay ?

'Mid the trusting hearts that thronged her deck,
Were no guardian angels near,
To bid them beware of the worthless craft,—
To whisper of death and fear ?

No, no—such warnings are not of earth,
Nor yet of the pathless sea—
Hope spread her smile o'er the glancing wave,
And laughed in the breezes free.

So they stood out boldly before the wind,
And entered the lonely main ;
A fated band of a hundred souls,
Who never trod earth again.

For the vessel—a graceful, gilded thing—
Might float on a summer wave ;
But the roaring blast, and the boiling surge,
Their might she could not brave.

When the raging winds and the waters wild
O'erpowered the luckless crew,
And when darker hours of dread came on,
Still those trusting hearts were true.

They fluttering beat in the youthful breasts
Of those who in beauty stood ;
And toiling, bent their graceful forms
To cope with the rising flood.

In vain, in vain their fingers soft
They dipt in the briny wave,
The baffled pumps were plied in vain—
Wide yawned their watery grave !

Dim twilight grew on their wistful gaze,
And the dreary day was done,
And deadly fear pressed on every heart
As the night came darkly on.

For Death was heard in the moaning sea,
 He howled in the raging storm ;
 And they shuddered to meet his cold embrace—
 Those bosoms so young and warm.

A booming sound, through the tempest's strife,
 Was heard as they neared the shore,
 That unto the deep made hoarse reply—
 'Twas the breakers' hollow roar !

'Twas a knell of death to the tempest tossed—
 'Twas a hung'ry, ravening cry,
 As of spirits vex'd from the troubled deep—
 Of fiends from the angry sky.

Now the reeling vessel headlong struck,
 Her parting beams gave way,
 And the wrathful waters swept the spot
 Where the shattered fragments lay.

And the trusting hearts that thronged her deck,
 That so wildly clustered there—
 Oh ! where shall we seek their resting-place ?
 And the billows answered—" Where !"

ON THE LATE TRIUMPH.

REJOICE, oh sons of Freedom, that the cause
 So long contended for, hath soared at last,
 And breasted, as an eagle doth the blast,
 That fierce rebellion waged against the laws
 And all those blood-bought, consecrated rights,
 In which the heart of Liberty delights !
 Rejoice with music ! let the martial ring
 Of cymbals tell your glorious jubilee ;
 Let cannon boom along th' encircling sea ;
 And human voices the glad anthem sing.
 Rejoice with light ! let beacon splendors blaze
 On every hill-top ; let the rocket fires
 Shoot to the sky their many-colored spires,
 And words of flame record the Nation's praise !

P. B.

USURY LAWS.

PUBLIC sentiment has been a good deal called forth within the past month on the subject of the Usury Laws, and upon occasion of an attempt, by men claiming to be honest, to exercise the privileges which those laws are intended to confer upon rogues. For the protection they offer against the alleged evils of usury is an insult to an honest man; and among the very legislators who vote for it, probably not one could be found who would not spurn the idea of pleading usury to avoid payment of a debt fairly and understandingly contracted. The law, therefore, assuming the usurer to be a rogue, provides in effect that he shall only cheat or rob honest men, or, at all events, men willing to be considered such, and having some regard for the external appearance and reputation of honor and conscience. Men who have none, are, happily, now rare; and they occupy a footing to which very few who have once been in a situation to obtain credit on any terms can be induced to descend. Usury, therefore, is rarely plead, and when it is, an excitement of the public mind is produced, and the merits and demerits of the Solons of Albany are freely canvassed, and speculations entered into as to the average depth of their understandings, which would end in wagers, were any means in existence to decide them. Is it not marvellous how well, upon the whole, every thing goes on in our community? Is it not certain, that in a vast majority of cases our laws are equitable and efficient; that they go straight to the common sense of a matter, and set chicanery at defiance? Is it not true, to a very great extent, (and perhaps with only this one gross exception,) that common sense is law, and that the most direct applications of it possible are made? The late stop law upon sales of mortgaged property might be cited as another case of exception, if it were assumed to be, in fact, a law; but it comes so decidedly under the objection of impairing the obligation of contracts, that we think, should it be questioned, it cannot stand. There may be other cases, but not enough to invalidate our general remark, that the figs this tree bears predominate vastly over the thistles; and that, considering that there are thistles, it is positively miraculous that there are not more. It is an excellence of republican institutions, which develops itself in practice, which could hardly have been divined by any reasoner before-

hand, that no legislature, fairly chosen by free citizens, will make a bad *general* law. Specific laws they will make as bad as the occasion calls for; they will wink at corruption, they will sell incorporations, they will pass acts even like the one referred to above, of a mortgage stop law, if the interest of a majority among them require it; but it is to be observed, that the limitation of the effect of that law to mortgages already existing, is a proof that it was present relief it was contrived for; and that the makers of it saw, and recoiled from, the effect of making such a principle permanent. The existing mortgagors, they said, are caught—we will deal with them as we please, but we must be content with that, or we shall not catch any more. It may be for one man's interest that there should be an act passed to incorporate a certain bank, or for another's that some of his existing contracts should be nullified or impaired, and enough such interests may combine and logroll to do a little present mischief, but rarely any thing permanent. It is for no man's interest, not even for a thief's, that thievery should be encouraged by law, or fraud, or violence; and, therefore, our general legislation is good; and by means of juries, its execution is impartial. These are excellencies of our institutions, not benefits conferred by the men in whose hands we place their administration. For a legislature is not a cream rising on the surface of our population by a natural and healthy process; it is the secretion of a periodical disorder called an election, with which the body politic is affected, and which seems to be an indispensable condition of its existence. The wisdom, the civilization, and the true interests of the people are not largely represented there; but a set of men are brought together, usually less enlightened a good deal than the average of their constituents. Not less educated, but less enlightened; because they have had light in them, and had it turned to darkness by political sinuosities and burrowing, because they have sacrificed in the meannesses of vote-hunting the manliness which would have enabled them to sympathise with the real majority, and to know by intuition what acts would be really popular. They have joined in party war-cries which meant nothing; and won party badges, which were only a livery, till they have forgotten that there is in the nation a thinking mass, which thinking mass, reciprocally and culpably, on the day of election forgets and neglects them.

Whoever heard of a man in his senses defending the usury laws in conversation? Who knows even by what arguments their defenders, if any there be out of the legislature, seek to maintain them? Their effects, when made visible by public recourse to them, are atrocious; and when invisible, their hourly secret mischief

is incalculably great. The lender dreads them, and demands a premium for his fears; the borrower curses them and pays it; and the tender and careful legislator, who protects us all against the extortion of eight per cent., makes an exception for the poor wretch who takes his coat to the pawnbroker, and allows him on that condition to pay thirty. But this legislator has obtained his seat by unmeaning noise and stump speeches; he has talked about misers and usurers, and the griping hand of oppression squeezing out the life-blood of the industrious poor, till his brain has become callous in this spot, and incapable of apprehending a new idea. He really believes the usury law is popular, and he never looks to see if it is ever appealed to, or, if it is, by whom, and what the public voice has said to the appeal.

In this instance this voice has been distinct and somewhat effective. The defendants in the suit in question have heard it, and have attempted to reply to it; and they say they plead usury merely to stave off temporarily an insisting creditor, and avoid making an assignment; intending in any event to pay him his dividend from their estate with the rest, but not choosing to pay him in full to the injury of the rest.

We shall not discuss these points; we have to do only with the law and its effects on society, and not with any body's personal character. The view taken of the morality of the case by these defendants themselves is a severe satire on the legislation which offers a premium to dishonesty; to use the law for the purpose for which it was made, they think evidently, as we do, would be downright swindling.

The Judge charged the Jury that the law was with the defendants; and the Jury, notwithstanding, found a verdict for the plaintiffs. So would any Jury in this city or this state; for nothing short of an express enactment by law, that bills of exchange are money, could make it usury to sell them dear on credit. And such a law would equally make it usury to buy them cheap for cash; and in order to determine when they were dear or cheap, the law must also furnish a criterion to determine their actual value. A bill in England at sixty days for a hundred pounds is money, but how much money is it? Must it only be sold at par? We think even Albany legislation will not go quite that length. May it be sold at the current rate? But there is a current rate for credit and a current rate for cash, neither of which can ever be fixed exactly. And if you buy at the cash rate and pay cash, you expose yourself, for an error of half per cent., to an action for usury—a bill in chancery calling on you to surrender up the bill of exchange you have paid for, or its proceeds. Such procedure would be infamous, and make the law

so which made it possible ; and, on the other hand, the abstinence by common consent from procedure under the laws as they now are, while it dilutes their infamy a little with contempt for their impotence, makes them no way less shameful to our statute book.

But Albany, as we have already said, is no Areopagus of collective wisdom ; it is a sort of city of refuge for the people who talk, who can be best spared from among those who have something to do. Here and there you find an instance of a good man who sacrifices himself, and whose sacrifice is accepted ; his best friends probably vote against him, and do what they can to deter him ; but he is mounted on his public spirit, and, like another Curtius, plunges into the gulf, but all in vain. He gathers round him, as well as he can, the better class of those among whom he is thrown ; but they are too often a minority, and their voices are lost in the clamor of a many-tongued majority. There is to be heard the shrill pipe of the unfledged lawyer, a scrub Demosthenes, practising to the waves of faction. There is the patientless physician, bestowing on the public the years so useless to himself, and the skill he has in vain endeavored to recommend to individuals. There is the broken-down adventurer of any class, whom politics, as a lowest deep, have received ; he has failed in all other pursuits in this land where success waits on merit, and he comes with the recommendation of talents misapplied, of *not* having been faithful in the few things, and seeking to be lord over many.

Verily the apex of our pyramid is downward, our house stands upon its head. The man whom society drops, falls into the legislature, and rebounds, peradventure, to Congress, abasing himself most literally and most basely, to be exalted. There are other paths to distinction, honorable ones, but few there be that find them ; there is one broad one, leading downwards, and many there be that go in thereat.

These are sad views of our public servants, but through them we see consolation. Honesty, common sense, and the spirit of progress are so decidedly predominant in our land, that even our rulers are not altogether deficient in them ; they will not go wrong for wrong's sake, though often they will for a private inducement. But a republic makes us all one class, on most points all our interests are the same ; and therefore it is that the life, liberty, and possession of property, which our admirable institutions promise to us, are assured and preserved through the agency of such instruments as are furnished us by elections.

How much better, in many minor details, we might be governed than we are, these usury laws may serve to show. How desirable it is that men of education and high standing should come forward

actively in political contests, that they should themselves be candidates for office, and serve the public when it will let them, we feel most deeply. When such men are candidates, they usually succeed; unless, indeed, they trust too proudly to their merits, and neglect the means of making them known. The fault is generally in the individuals, and rarely in the public; and of that vast mass among us, whom the stir of an election never disturbs, who never use their privilege or discharge their duty of voting, the greater part refrain because they know nothing about the candidates on either side, or because, if they know them, they see no very great reason for personal preference.

We want in our elections a certain earnestness, which is supplied in the English ones by the presence of the candidate on the hustings. He is brought into communication with his constituents, he is made to submit to tests and to give pledges. Will you vote, he might be asked, for the repeal of the usury laws, for the repeal of the Restriction act? Will you move it, or seek to effect it? If we could get at our men in this way, more of us would go to the polls. It would be pro tanto like going ourselves to Albany, and it would carry out one step further the principle of our institutions, which say to our rulers in the name of the people, what somebody has coined into immortal doggel—

"You shall be kings and reign, 'tis true,
But we'll be viceroys over you."

M.

MARTHA GARDNER;

OR, MORAL RE-ACTION.

SIR FRANCIS WILLOUGHBY attempted the first settlement in Charlestown adjoining the old ferry. Afterward Martha Gardner became heir to part of the same estate. What inhabitant of that region, who has passed the meridian of life, cannot remember Martha Gardner? What man or woman of sixty has not bought sweetmeats, nuts, and apples at the shop of Martha Gardner, at her little mansion measuring ten feet by twelve, which during her life was a frontier cottage between Boston and Charlestown, on the Charlestown shore, near the old ferry-way? Those who remember Martha, and recollect how silent, modest, industrious, and unassuming she was,

will think it impossible that any thing interesting can grow out of her history. Yet one incident in her long life merits solemn reflection ; though it may appear to many an idle legend, yet it is not so, for the footstep of time hath already left an indelible track ; and Martha Gardner, although long since in her grave, still speaks, trumpet-tongued, from her venerable ashes.

Previous to the American Revolution Martha Gardner lived in Charlestown. Her family name was Bunker, whence came Bunker hill. On the seventeenth day of June, she saw her little mansion given to the flames, and herself, houseless, destitute, and an exile from her Eden. After the war, she returned, and erected her small cottage on the border of the beautiful river ; and there she lived, and there she died in 1809.

In 1785 Charles River Bridge, the greatest enterprise of that day, was erected, near the door of Martha Gardner, on the Charlestown shore. The wealthy proprietors soon began to fancy that a valuable part of the estate of Martha Gardner was their corporate property ; and Martha was compelled either to resign her title, or engage in a lawsuit with the richest corporation in New England. Her distress may be imagined ; a poor widow, recently flying from the flames of her dwelling, hardly reinstated in the common comforts of life, already bending with age, and now forced to contend with powerful claimants for a part of the small estate of which unluckily all the deeds and documents were (as she supposed) burnt during the general conflagration of Charlestown.

A lawsuit has different aspects to different persons. To some a lawsuit is a holiday ; to others it gives the heart-ache. To some the agitation of a lawsuit is but the lullaby of a sea breeze. So the French officer thought, who, during a tedious peace, contrived to be involved in a hundred lawsuits. When he was summoned before Louis 15th as a public nuisance, the king ordered him to drop them all ; but he, falling on his knees, entreated that he might retain half a dozen of them for his diversion, otherwise he should die with languor during the long peace. But not so Lord Chancellor Eldon ; when his steward complained to him of a trespasser, he asked if he had stolen an acre of land. "Why no, sir." "Then wait till he does." Nor did Erskine see any amusement in a lawsuit. Ellenborough once suggested to him that his client could have a better remedy in the Court of Chancery. At the name of the Court of Chancery, Erskine, wiping away a tear, and looking the Chief Justice in the face, said, in a supplicating tone, "Has your Lordship the heart to send a fellow-being to the Court of Chancery ?"

But let us pause a moment to contemplate Martha Gardner.

How much do these two words—Martha Gardner—comprise! More than the whole Trojan war. Homer could have turned Martha Gardner into an epic poem, for she and moral reaction are one. Moral reaction, what a subject for contemplation! The anger of Achilles, the wanderings of that cunning itinerant Ulysses, the flight from Troy, and our lagging sympathy with Æneas, and the fertile squabble of the Crusaders and the Turks for a few square feet of earth, are mere incidents compared with the eternal decrees of moral reaction. Coleridge and Kant, transcendental philosophers! ye could discourse sublimely on moral reaction for ever and ever; for every action, past, present, or future, would afford food to your telescopic minds. Every intelligent being and nation, as well as individual, is at this moment suffering under moral reaction. The earthquake is but a momentary shock, the thunder dies in its birth, the volcano is but a palpitation; but moral reaction, though silent, unseen, and unheard, is the most busy agent in the universe. While it consumes ages for the ocean to effect a little inroad on the sea-beach, moral reaction at one time overwhelms individuals and nations at a blow; at another it winds in a labyrinth to slow but sure destruction. A giant, but without the arms of a giant; time, with his scythe, but you see not the scythe. The prophetic imprecation of Martha Gardner, which we are about to relate, was but a woman's voice sighing in the tempest and dying away among the billows; but it was a voice charged with an awful decree.

The story of Martha Gardner, although located under our own eyes, and the principal fact a matter of public record, is so much like a legendary tale, that it is impossible to treat the subject without a tinge of the marvellous.

Soon after the great corporation of Charles River Bridge began the conflict, with Martha Gardner, for part of her little patrimony—the dock, adjoining the bridge,—Martha, one morning, sat in her chair, her hands folded, looking to heaven more like a figure of stone than a living being, when in came David Wood, the late Colonel Wood, one of those rare men, whom, as soon as the eyes saw, the lips whispered “there goes a man.” His noble heart you might read in his face and see in his hand. In his dealings so just, that his word was a promissory note, which passed like a bill of exchange from man to man. His looks created immediate confidence; a lost dog might always be found at David Wood's door-step. Indeed, this man seemed to live exempt from the general penalty, and never seemed to realize that all others were not like himself. “What's the matter, Martha; what's the matter? You look worse than you did when you fled from the seventeenth of June.” Martha at first made no reply, for she did not see him. “Are you in a trance,

Martha? Wake up, and tell me what the trouble is." Martha seemed to awake from a deep reverie, and replied, "Ah, Mr. Wood, the burning of Charlestown, with my little all, was but a momentary conflict—it was but a dream of the night. What comes without anticipation, and ends in a moment, passes over us like a dream. That morning found me happy, and the next morning found me so. The seventeenth had passed over me for ever, and the morning of the eighteenth gave me new joy. Why could they not wait a little longer, and I should have been at rest? But now I see no end to my sorrows. When I lay my head on my pillow, the Corporation appears to me in all its terrors; when I sleep—no, I do not sleep—when I dream, I dream of the Corporation; and when I awake, there stands the great Corporation of Charles River Bridge against Martha Gardner. They, seemingly almighty, and I, nothing. Why did you awake me?" "Cheer up, Martha," said the benevolent Wood, "your happy star shall yet prevail. Why, have you forgotten your old wooden post with Ebenezer Mansir's name carved on it, the old wooden post which the Select-men of Charlestown, in their wrath, ordered to be cut away, and which, after traversing the whole world of waters, floated back, after two years, to your own door, and was replaced in its own post-hole? Arise, look out of your window and see the old wooden pier; and then doubt, if you can, of eternal justice. Ebenezer, look at it; it means, praise the Lord." "Ah," said Martha, "the day of miracles is not yet passed. That old wooden pier has given birth to strange reflections, its return seemed to connect heaven and earth; it seemed like the return of a wandering spirit, cast out of its native element to its first happy state." "Yes," said Mr. Wood, "think of that post with the name carved on it, to identify it, floating on the mighty waters, now in the Gulph Stream, now driven up the Baltic, then by a north wind sent to the Equator and Pacific, and thence back to the Atlantic; and after such a voyage of adventure, arriving at Charlestown, in its own dock again!" "Yes," said Martha, "I have heard it observed, that many ages past a man by the name of Plato, being in the dark, guessed a great deal about the immortality of the soul, and I have often imagined that the return of the wooden post was like a lost angel to his native home; and if that old post, subject two years to the winds of heaven and waves of the sea, tossed upon all the coasts, inlets, bays, creeks, and nooks of the four quarters of the world, came home at last, a wandering spirit might one day reach its native home!"

The wooden pier just mentioned was well calculated to bewilder the least superstitious mind. The simple facts were these. Soon after the erection of Charles River Bridge, the Select-men of Charles-

town believed a portion of Martha Gardner's estate was the town dock, and they ordered a favorite wooden post standing at the dock to be cut away. The post stood under her chamber window, and from her youth upwards she was attached to that post as much as Pope was attached to the classic post before his door. Ebenezer Mansir tied his fishing-boat to that post, and Martha, when a child played in the boat, and when it floated on an ebb tide down the dock the length of its tether, she sailed up the dock by the help of the rope. That was a pure pleasure never to be forgotten. Martha remonstrated against the wrong done her, with all a woman's eloquence, but in vain; and as the post was floating out into Charles River, a bystander said, "Farewell to your old post, Mrs. Gardner, you will never see it again." She instantly replied, "Who knows but that post may one day come back again, to convince the Selectmen of my right and their wrong?" Nothing more was thought of this until two years after, when the old post, covered with carageen moss and barnacles, came floating up the dock at mid-day, shining like an emerald; and as the ebb tide receded, deposited itself beside its old situation. This incident is now a family record.

"But," said Mr. Wood, "when will the trial commence?" "Next week," said Martha; "and my heart fails within me, for I have nothing to show; all my deeds were destroyed on the seventeenth of June." "Ah, Martha, you seem now like a lamb shorn in winter; but I have a presentiment that there is an angel behind the curtain; when human help fails us, an armed giant sometimes appears in our defence. A benighted traveller has been often shown his true path by a flash of lightning. You may yet awake out of a dream."

The next morning Mr. Wood received an early message. His mansion stood half a mile from Martha Gardner's cottage, where the brick church now stands at the corner of Wood and Green streets. On entering Martha's cottage, he found her greatly agitated. Said Martha, "Your angel behind the curtain made his appearance last night. He knocked at my door once, I was afraid; he knocked at my door again, I was afraid and said nothing. He knocked at my door the third time, and said, 'Awake, Martha, awake, and fear no harm.' I took courage and replied, 'I am awake, but am overcome with fear, for I am alone, and there is none to help me.' 'Fear nothing, Martha, I am here to help you. Listen; in the house of your son-in-law, in an old trunk, at the bottom of the old trunk, in the garret, behind the chimney, there all your deeds and records are preserved.'" Search was immediately made, and in an old trunk, at the bottom of the old trunk, in the garret, behind the chimney, Sir Francis Willoughby's original deed to

Martha Gardner's ancestor was quietly reposing in perfect preservation. This was handed to the late Governor Sullivan, then attorney General, the faithful counsellor of the lone widow. She prevailed in the Supreme Court, and was quieted in her rights.

This incident of "the angel behind the curtain," deserves a passing remark. There was nothing strange in Martha Gardner's dreaming every night of her lawsuit, of the Great Corporation, and of her lost deeds. Neither is it strange that she should dream of finding them; and if we connect the sanguine expressions of her friend Wood with her own earnest wishes, we have the key to her dream. There is no probability that she heard a knocking at her chamber door, either once, twice, or thrice; but she dreamed she did so, and in the morning she doubtless thought it was more than a dream. She had probably seen that old trunk many times, little imagining the jewel it contained. There is really nothing marvellous in this dream, I do not wish it to be so considered; for though it was far more important to her than the return of the old wooden post, yet this dream is not worthy of a passing notice compared with the adventures of that almost intellectual wooden post.

But Martha Gardner was not destined to a long repose.

One pleasant morning soon after, looking out of her window, she observed the sea gulls sporting themselves above the bridge. "This is a deceitful calm," said Martha. "These sea gulls so near my door denote an approaching storm;" and immediately after the Great Corporation appeared to Martha in the shape of a summons, commanding her to appear at Court, and submit to a new trial in the form of a review. Said Martha, "How cruel! This may be sport to them, but it is death to me. I have but a short lease of all worldly things; my setting sun shows only a crescent; it will be down in a moment. Let the Great Corporation take my estate. I will contend no longer. If they have resolved to contend again, let them take my estate this moment rather than that I should close my few remaining days in anxiety and distress. I have been already overwhelmed in the waters of bitterness, truly my name is Martha." "Not so," said her friends. "Remember the wooden post with Ebenezer Mansir's name carved on it. Remember the 'angel behind the curtain;' and remember the old trunk. Do not let the Great Corporation with their long arms reach beyond your simple rights. The whole Corporation in the eye of the Court weighs no more than Martha Gardner."

In consequence of this assurance, Martha maintained the conflict a second time with the Corporation, and prevailed. She now congratulated herself that she should die in peace, and she resigned herself to that sweet repose, such as virtuous old age, when light-

hearted, enjoys under the shadow of a weight of years. In old age most people cling the closer to the earth the nearer they approach to it. Not so Martha; her setting sun seemed to renew her youth. She was as merry as a cricket in autumn, who sings loudest the last day of its sunshine. She was at peace with herself, and therefore with all the world. The swallows observed this, and built their nests over her window, and twittered on her window-stool. Her day never seemed too long. She renewed her girlhood with the foliage of spring, while the wreath of snow, over the river on Copp's hill, reminded her of a gay plume rather than of her winding-sheet. All her wrinkles fled before the sparkling of her eyes. Young life returned upon her, and in her old age she enjoyed a morning view. Doubtless, a joyous old age, with a heart alive to youthful sensations, is nearly allied to spiritual existence. In truth, her mortality seemed swallowed up in life. "Happy Mrs. Gardner," said the neighbors; "there is nothing mortal about her—she will never die—she will sit upright in her easy-chair and seem to die, but no—Martha has only been translated." Hesiod must have had such a one as Martha Gardner in view, when, speaking of the first happy ages,

"They die, or rather seem to die; they seem
From hence transported in a pleasing dream."

Indeed, Martha Gardner appeared to have gone to heaven before her time, and to have enjoyed in this world an *athanasia*. But the evening breeze, which was so sweetly wafting her down the quiet stream of time, to the calm latitudes, was only the precursor of a tempest which overwhelmed her gentle soul. Just before she took leave of this world, the moment she was folding all up for her last journey—just when, with her own hands, she had worked her last white dress, and instructed her grand-daughter how to adjust it, the Great Corporation sent a third summons—to her, more appalling than would have been her last summons. This blow was too much for Martha, and she became a weeping willow. Again the Great Corporation oppressed her sleep. Her day fears pursued her to her couch, where, in her phantom sleep, she wrestled with the night-mare in the shape of the Great Corporation. Trouble in youth is like the morning dew, the first gleam of the sun dissipates it; but trouble in old age weighs heavier and heavier, and the heart sinks, and drags hope downward.

But why did the Corporation of Charles River Bridge thus pursue Martha Gardner? There is but one answer. It was a Corporation.

The metaphysicians distribute man into three parts—the animal,

the intellectual, and the moral. Which of these three is most likely to prevail in a Corporation? The Corporation of Charles River Bridge was composed of many men, in that day, well remembered now for their private and public worth. Less than five of them would have redeemed Nineveh. But, unhappily, the animal and intellectual part of Corporations generally govern the body, and conscience is a non-corporate word.

While Martha was preparing for her last conflict with the Corporation, a great storm in November threatened wide desolation to the neighboring shores of Boston and Charlestown. A three days' north-east wind, assisted by the full moon, seemed to challenge the Gulph Stream. It is well known that a powerful north-east wind narrows the Gulph Stream, renders it more rapid, and drives it nearer the coast. The third day of this memorable storm afforded the sublimest scene ever beheld in New England. It seemed for a fearful moment that the order of nature was broken up, and that he who gave the sea its bounds had released the conditions; that the whole Atlantic, in a holiday, had forced the Gulf Stream into Boston harbor. There was not a wave to be seen; it was one white surge, one white mountain of foam breaking over the tops of the numerous islands in the harbor; while, during the momentary lulling of the wind and subsiding of the waters, the surges broke upon the eye like so many gambolling sea-monsters, dancing to the ceaseless roar of Chelsea and Lynn beeches; for the islands in the harbor were wholly enveloped, at times, with the spray that beat against their rock-bound sides. It was a fearful day for Charlestown. The waters had already buried the wharves in their abyss. Charles River Bridge next disappeared, and was totally engulfed. Vessels might have sailed over it keel-safe. The flood was marching up the Main Street to the square. Mothers seized their infants, and were preparing to fly to the uplands. Three days more and the heights of Boston and Charlestown would have appeared like islands in the Atlantic ocean. But, happily for Boston and the vicinity, this storm occurred in November and not in May, otherwise the numerous icebergs, which annually appear off the coast, might have blockaded the harbor between Cape Ann and Cape Cod, and destroyed Boston and the neighboring sea-ports for many years.

In the last efforts of this storm, the little cottage of Martha Gardner began to tremble. The surge bore down on her tottering tenement, while the winds lashed every returning billow into new fury. The neighbors collected around her dwelling, and besought her to fly from instant ruin. She, nothing daunted, ascended to her chamber window, and opening it, addressed them:—"I will not fly," said she. "Let Lynn beach roar, and let the winds and the waves rage

three more days ; if my house moves, it shall be my ark, it shall be my cradle ; I will move with it. I will neither fly from the storm nor look back, but will look up ! I have nothing to fear from the war of elements. My destruction comes not in the whirlwind nor in the tempest, but from a broken heart. Welcome, ye stormy winds and raging waves, ye are but ministers of Supreme Power, flying messengers ; and when your errand is done, ye are quiet as a landscape. When the storm is passed, all will smile again. Ye are now my diversion—ye are repose to my troubled spirit—ye lull me to rest ; when ye are quiet, the Great Corporation will trouble my sleep. All natural evils are playthings. This tempest shakes my dwelling, but not my soul ; the thunder is harmless the moment it is heard ; the earthquake brings impartial ruin ; but I, a poor widow, am singled out by the Great Corporation, and pursued to my dying bed-chamber. Yes, my soul enjoys this tempest ; I look down on it, I am lifted above it, I had rather see this tempest with open eyes than the Great Corporation in my sleep. This storm gives me new courage, a new spirit ; and raises me far above its idle rage. I am above the storm, I am on the top of Jacob's ladder, and see the heavenly blue. This storm quiets my soul, it has caused, for a moment, Charles River Bridge to disappear. I am in a new element, I am at the gate of heaven, and hear a voice you cannot hear—I hear a voice above the storm, saying, ' Martha Gardner shall be avenged, but not in her day.' The time is coming when there shall be no more passing over that Bridge than there is at this moment. It shall be desolate and forsaken—a fishing-place ; the curlew, and grey gull, and stormy petrel shall there rest in quiet. The traveller shall pass over another highway, and, turning his head, shall say, ' Behold the great highway of the North and of the East ; behold how desolate !' And it shall be desolate ; but neither storm, nor tempest, nor fire, nor earthquake shall destroy it. It shall be like a barren spot in a fertile valley. All around it shall flourish ; the voice of prosperity shall echo and re-echo across the river from all the hills of Boston, even to the heights of Charlestown, and thence among the islands. But that spot shall become a solitude, a barren streak in a green circle ; the grass shall spring from the crevices, but it shall wither before the mid-day sun. No living thing shall pass over it ; a lost child shall not be sought in that desolate path. The traveller shall shun it, and shall pass another way to the great city ; and they of the great city shall shun it, and pass another way ; and they of the Great Corporation shall avoid it—turn from it, and pass another way. It shall disappear in all its glory, as the great highway of the North, and still remain visible, as an everlasting monument. And the stranger shall come from the uttermost parts

of the earth to behold the beautiful city ; and he shall ascend the mount of my fathers, and shall view the beautiful city, begirt with mountains of emerald ; and he shall behold the thousand villas which shall stud the lawns like diamonds, and the distant hills pouring down plenty ; while the Atlantic, bearing on her bosom the harvest of the world, shall bow at her footstool. And the eyes of the stranger shall weary in beholding new beauties, and his senses sleep from weariness of beholding the ever-varying prospect changing with every passing cloud ; and he shall descend from the mount of my father and return to the beautiful city ; but when he shall cast his eye on this spot, the charm shall dissolve ; he shall stand amazed, and demand—‘ Why that solitude ’mid universal life ? ’ ”

Dimly seen through the spray, she now withdrew from the storm, and gently closed the window. All was silent ; for, as she did not appear to address the spectators, no one knew how to reply to her. At length, William Goodwin, a man of ardent temperament and generous feelings, said—“ Truly, that was Martha Gardner’s countenance, I cannot be deceived, for the flash of her eyes created, amid the storm, a rainbow around her head ; but it was not—no, it was not Martha Gardner’s voice. This means something, here is a mystery ; some of us may live to see it unravelled ; but Martha Gardner never uttered all that.”

The storm immediately died away. The next morning was fair weather. Martha Gardner soon after passed through her last conflict with the Corporation, and died.

The world know all the rest. The traveller who passes over Warren Bridge, and turns his eye over his shoulder and beholds the present desolation of Charles River Bridge, and sees the immense crowd passing over the new highway, if he hath any faith in moral re-action, will say—“ In truth, Martha Gardner built Warren Bridge ; ” and in other times it may be said, “ as true as Martha Gardner built Warren Bridge.”*

* The public are familiar with the suit lately decided in the U. S. Supreme Court of Errors, between the proprietors of Charles River and Warren Bridges. The decision was against the Charles River Bridge, and “ the Great Corporation ” have vainly petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature for a release from the conditions of their Charter. Their bridge is seldom or never passed, and must soon become impassable. The distant reader may ask—“ Why is this ? ” The answer is—Warren Bridge is free, so rendered by an act of the Legislature ; and few persons, not even the proprietors themselves, choose to pay toll for the privilege of crossing Charles River Bridge.—*Ed.*

A WOFUL MADRIGAL,

Inscribed to the Fair Sex.

PERPLEXING creatures, curious, queer, perverse,
Attend! while I, in honey-dropping strains,
Your charms immeasurably fair rehearse,
And all the woes and all the arrowy pains,
Shot from your eyes right through my riddled heart,
Unto mankind and womankind impart.

I loved Matilda Jane Amelia Smith—
Hear it, ye stars—and thou, inconstant moon,
Between thy golden horns receive the pith
Of this my song; and oh, accord the boon
Which now I ask, and which, if thou'lt bestow,
I'll tell thee all the matter that I know!

Shed through my lattice thy transcendant light,
Lean from thy sapphire throne, and softly peer
Through my Venetian blinds, oh, Queen of Night!
And trim the wicks of thy great chandelier,
So that I may beneath thy silvery shine
With silvery pen indite the silvery line.

Of love the woes I sing—as Virgil did,
The man who first decamped from Trojan shores—
Yes! *Ille ego*—I am he—*ibid*,
The same, who erst occasioned deepest snores,
And soundest sleep by stanzas in this metre,
Thought quite complete, but these are much completer.

I am not one of that illustrious few
Who wrote the Croaker pieces—no, not I—
I wish I was: then, ladies, unto you
I might my lyre's mellifluous cadence try
To strike not vainly,—and such music pour
That you would throng my room, like Stewart's store.

But Halleck's Muse is silent; from her seat,
Celestial on the topmost flowery height
Of beautiful Olympus, on her *feet*
She cometh not to stray beneath the Night
That now o'er all the world poetic lies,
Because the Morning Star disdains to rise.

So, be content, ye lovely damosels,
That I, a caged Canary, dare to sing,
While the sweet Nightingale in stillness dwells
Hushed into slumber on his folded wing.
List then, while I do elevate the strain,
Provoked by thee, unkind Matilda Jane.

Sixteen, ay, eighteen times I've been in love
 With blue, brown, hazel, gray, and yellow eyes;
 Eighteen dear creatures have I called "my dove,"
 And heaved whole atmospheres of tender sighs;
 At many a shrine I've been a worshipper;
 But never loved, ye stars! as I loved her.

Near seven years have flown—yes! almost seven,
 Since first we plighted to each other vows;
 When, rolling up her swimming eyes to Heaven,
 She said, "Sweet Peter, I will be your spouse—]
 I will, I will, by yonder orb I swear;"
 "Oh! swear not by the moon," I cried; "take care."

I was her Juliet—she my Romeo—
 That is, I spake the words that Juliet spake;
 I added, likewise, "Dear, don't take on so,
 But cease your lamentation for my sake."
 She ceased—I ceased, and so we both did cease;
 I then went home, and wrote an "Ode to Greece."

I introduce not, through a lack of rhyme—
 The land of sages and of mighty men;
 For that it was about the very time
 When fair Achaia was redeemed again
 Each Grecian knows—*she* had a Grecian nose,
 And looked as modest as a budding rose.

Alas! I aggravate the inward grief
 That makes my tuneful accents so forlorn;
 In writing verses thus I seek relief,
 But press my heart against the self-same thorn
 That pierced me thus! Oh! why doth woman cling
 Just like a grape vine to the nearest thing.

I went away, but now I have returned;
 I sought Matilda, I'd been always true;
 I loved her wildly—in my bosom burned
 A Vestal fire that Time could not subdue;
 I wrote her so—and she sent me a letter,
 To say she liked another fellow better.

This the reward of Constancy, ye fair!
 Let no man put in woman's love his faith;
 Your vows are falser than the shifting air,
 Your feelings transient as the flitting breath
 Along a diamond.—Well! I've writ enough
 Of this peculiarly insipid stuff.

PETER.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

History of the English Language and Literature ; by Robert Chambers ; to which is added, a History of American Contributions to the English Language and Literature ; by Rev. Royal Robbins. Hartford : Edward Hopkins. 1 vol. pp. 320.

THE American editor of this volume, "REV. ROYAL ROBBINS," (what a glorious alliteration !) commences his preface with some sarcastic remarks upon its English author, Mr. Robert Chambers, because he was either wilfully or really ignorant of the merits of certain celebrated American writers on metaphysics, theology, and philosophy. Mr. Robert Chambers, it seems, saw fit to confer immortality upon no Americans except Franklin, Irving, and Cooper ; the first of whom is by the Rev. Royal Robbins (what a river of a name !) distinguished as a great philosopher, the second as a fine prose writer, and the third as an ingenious novelist. We agree with Royal—not irreverently shall we designate the American Editor, sometimes by one and sometimes by another part of his mellifluous cognomen—we agree with Royal, in most particularly blaming Robert for the information concerning our many great men which he has so surreptitiously suppressed and wantonly withheld, (how gracefully we fall into alliteration !) but what must we say of Robbins himself, who, though living in the midst of our host of *litterateurs*, has most manifestly misjudged many, and notoriously neglected not only those who are equally worthy of notoriety with those whom he has mentioned, but, in many matters, more so ? Oh ! Reverend Royal Robbins, repent of those sins of omission and commission, which we shall unsparingly signify and point out to thee. Thou sayest in thy book, that this our beloved journal combineth "instruction with amusement." We fear that the latter quality will be found just now predominant ; yet if thou wilt carefully peruse the succeeding, thou shalt be made wiser—yea, instructed greatly, in certain points, concerning which thou seemest to be immersed in the profoundest ignorance !

" An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly, by battery besieged Belgrade ;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom," &c.

Knowest thou, Royal, surnamed Robbins, who was the author of those magnificently alliterative verses ? Nay, didst thou ever hear the verses before ? No ! then this is one thing in which thou art already wiser. As they begin, so continue the verses—gliding one after another, in symphonious alliteration as musical as thy name, which might be brought into a line, thus :—

Royal Robbins ruminating writes.

The last word is perfect only in sound, but may be tolerated by the example of the country schoolmaster's celebrated toast—"I give you, fellow-citizens," he exclaimed, "the three Rs—Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic." We will no longer delay, by thus dilating digressively, but dip directly into our dish.

It is an old adage, "that too many cooks spoil the broth." Now here is very good broth spoiled by only two cooks. The materials were sufficiently abundant to have made soup enough for all the literary poor in the two hemispheres, and not have been very thin either; but with so little skill have these been used, that the liquid in which they have been boiled, seems to be less nutritious than that which is served to the poor in Paris; in which, it is said, that an expert angler might fish for a week without catching a bone.

"A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE!" What an imposing title! What a long tail our cat has got! or rather, how monstrous a head upon how diminutive a body! Think of it—"A history of the English Language and Literature," prefixed to a by no means thick duodecimo of 320 pages! Well—Learning is getting to be made very easy. The royal round has been discovered at last by Royal Robbins. The discovery of the application of Electro-Magnetic power to Rotary motion is nothing to it. We shall be carried, by even a swifter agent than steam, into learning, at this rate. Two other names are henceforth to be added to the two, to whom the English and American nations have so much cause to be grateful. Let us rejoice, even more than at the late glorious Whig victory, that one of these is borne by a fellow countryman. Robert Chambers and Royal Robbins, coadjutors in the important task of reducing a History of the English Language and Literature to 320 duodecimo pages, your names shall be inscribed beneath those of Charles Knight, original plotter of all the works for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and Samuel G. Goodrich, real—though with the diffidence inseparable from true merit unavowed—author of Peter Parley's Tales! Already, through the unwearied and never-to-be-too-much commended exertions of the first of these last-named gentlemen has the world of English literature beheld knowledge diffused into its remotest corners. Through his agency, have the abstruse technicalities of Science become as familiar as household words in and about Wapping and the Five Points, and the recondite speculations of Philosophy been made "as easy as lying" to the elegant purveyors of fish in Billingsgate and the Hook. Already, through the indefatigable and disinterested labors of the last-named Philoprogenitive author, have not only History and Geography become mere playthings to the intellects of children, and Mineralogy and Conchology simple studies, but Mathematics have been mastered, and it is contemplated to reduce Sir Isaac Newton's Principia to dimensions suitable for the juvenile grasp, and to simplify to the infantile understanding the whole mystery of Fluxions. Yet, stupendous as the accomplishments of these two authors may be considered, they must pale their renown before that of a Chambers and a Robbins. A History of English Literature! Why, we once thought of giving a course of Twelve Lectures, to set forth some hints for a plan of such a work, which, as we thought, should be commenced by a ripe scholar at the age of thirty, and continued till his death:—bequeathed by him to another equally capable, it was to be continued till *his* death; by him surrendered to still another, and so on, it was to make slow and magnificent progress, till completed by the twenty-fourth man. Each was to spend his whole life in the task, each was to write but one volume, and there were to be but twenty-four volumes. From the small work before us, prepared by only two pair of hands, we perceive that an attempt has been made to compress all this world of labor into a nut-shell. If the attempt be a successful one, what praise is not due to the projectors!

Let us see what has been done; and without descending too minutely into particulars, which our space will not allow, let us look at the respective labors of this Beaumont and Fletcher of Literary History. It appears, as we have remarked, that Royal Robbins (how we dote on that alliteration!) pokes Robert Chambers in the ribs about his neglect of American authors. He might have had "a smarter chance" of finding fault with his literary brother, if he had observed that Mr. Chambers's ignorance is by no means confined to the domain of American letters. From "the venerable Bede" down to Mr. Robert Chambers himself—whom he modestly commemorates as having been associated with his brother Mr. William Chambers in the conducting of "a periodical sheet of original and select literature, entitled *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*," in which a quantity of matter equal to that contained in a number of the Library of Useful Knowledge, was offered at a fourth of the price,—there occur many omissions of names not altogether unknown to Fame, though unrevealed to such babes as himself. There are also omissions of facts as well as of names, which are in many cases judiciously interpolated by the American Editor, and of which he takes care to preserve the credit by placing them, like patches of blue sky, between stars, and, after having alluded to the manner of designation in his preface, noting the same at the bottom of each page. These interpolations, though made in the compressed and unsatisfactory style of the original work, are not without their value, and display a degree of information, of which Mr. Chambers, through inadvertent haste or a carelessness of research, did not possess himself.

The book is divided into five periods. Very curt and meagre are the notices of the fathers of English Literature; and the observations made upon their works evidently emanate from a common-place mind, incapable of appreciating their quaint beauties and rare conceits. Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia* is called "dull and antiquated"—a regret is expressed that three more cantos of the twelve which are all that are left to us of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, had not perished with the six last, said to have been lost by the servant to whose care they were entrusted to be conveyed from Ireland to England,—and of Donne and his followers it is remarked that, though "possessed of many of the highest requisites of poetry, they were misled by learning and false taste into such extravagances, both of idea and language, as rendered all their latter qualities useless." The standard by which judgments like these were formed, must have been entirely modern, and modern in the most hum-drum sense of the word. To rightly criticise the productions of an early age, it is requisite that the critic should, by long and accurate contemplation of its peculiarities, be able to transport himself into its customs, and modes of thought and appreciation, and thus be enabled to determine on beauties or faults of style, as they appeared to cotemporaries, and not to a generation existing upon a stage which exhibits few vestiges of the intellectual habits of its former occupants.

Besides his lack of critical acumen, there is sometimes a degree of simplicity in Mr. Chambers's observations, which are positively humorous. In concluding his notice of Lord Bacon, which, like most of the other notices, is short but not sweet, he sagaciously remarks, "It was the opinion of Bacon, that knowledge was *the same as power*. His own life unfortunately showed that there might be great knowledge without power. Subsequent philosophers have agreed that knowledge is what Bacon described it, only when combined with moral excellence, which, though apt to be favored and improved by knowledge, is not always found in its company." Comment on so shrewd an observation is altogether unnecessary. It is of a piece with the general staple of our author's philosophical reflections. In speaking of Milton, he objects to "considerable portions" of *Paradise Lost*—in which "the poet may be said to have fallen short of his design—" that "sublime as his images are, and lofty the strain of his sentiments, still his heaven is

only a more magnificent kind of earth, and his most exalted supernatural beings only a nobler order of men." If by "exalted supernatural beings" be intended the angels, no higher compliment could be paid to the poet, for man is said by Scripture to have been made "only a little lower than the angels." It is very fair logic, then, to conclude, that the angels are only a little higher than man.

But, while we smile at the general scope and design of the work as inefficient to convey the instruction intended, let us not fail to do justice to those parts which seem to be prepared with a care and discrimination, which would, if equally observed throughout, have rendered the labors of Mr. Chambers acceptable to the public. The extracts, presented as illustrations of the manner of certain authors, infrequent as they are, and invidious as the selection must have been, are made with good taste. As an instance of this fact take the following verses, designed to show the "exquisite beauty" which sometimes blooms amidst "the sorry writing" of Andrew Marvell:—

"THE NYMPH'S DESCRIPTION OF HER FAWN.

"With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at my own fingers nurs'd;
And as it grew so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say? than my hand—
Than any lady's of the land!

"It was a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

"I have a little garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring time of the year
It loved only to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed;
And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lilies without—roses within."

The observations on *Dryden* and the poetical machinists of his time, are very well made. They are so felicitous, that they seem to have emanated from a

fresh mind. Take this comparison between the writers of that day and the class of "drinkers from the old well of English undefiled" by whom they had been preceded:—

"The difference between the style of versification here exemplified, and that which flourished in earlier times, cannot fail to be remarked. The poets antecedent to the Commonwealth, especially Spenser, Shakspeare, Drayton, and the dramatists of the reign of James I., uttered sentiments, described characters, and painted external nature, with a luxuriant negligence and freedom, occasionally giving way to coarseness and conceit, and though apparently unable at any time to perceive when they were writing effectively or otherwise, they were always easy, and frequently very happy. They formed nothing like what is called a *school of writers*, for they had hardly any rules to be acquired. The Commonwealth, with its religious and political troubles, may be said to have put an end to this class of poets. Those who sprung up in the ensuing period, studied as their model the stately and regular versification that prevailed in France, to which they were introduced by the adherents of the court, who had endured a long exile in that country. This new method was introduced with the imposing character of the style of civilized Europe, as regulated by most authoritative rules of antiquity, while the old English manner, which had no followers on the Continent, was regarded as something too homely for polished society. Tenderness and fancy were now exchanged for satire and sophistry; lines, rugged perhaps, but sparkling with rich thought, and melting with genuine feeling, gave place to smooth, accurate, monotonous epic couplets, in which the authors would have been ashamed to display any profound sentiment, or any idea of startling novelty. The very subjects of poetry were now essentially different from what they had been. The new order of writers, men of scholarly education, and accustomed to live in fashionable society, applied themselves to describe the artificial world of manners, to flatter or satirize their contemporaries; or, if they at times ventured upon any thing connected with rural nature, it was not till they had disguised it under a set of cold, lifeless images, borrowed from the pastorals of antiquity. The nymphs and swains of this class of poets, were like the nymphs and swains of a masquerade, well-bred people dressed in good clothes, rather fancifully made. The former were Delias, or Cloes, or Corinnas; the latter Damons, or Strephons, or Cymons. They might have the crook or the milk-pail in their hands, but they had not human nature in their hearts, nor its language upon their tongues. The most lively and poetical objects had to submit to a colder kind of nomenclature at the hands of these poets. The sun obtained the classic appellation of Phœbus. The flowers could not be alluded to otherwise than as the offspring of the goddess Flora; the north-wind was personified under the doubly freezing epithet of Boreas; and a voyage could not be performed, unless by special favor of Neptune and his Tritons."

The period of letters—ranked as the fourth, and extending from 1649 to 1689—is much better managed than those which precede or those which follow it in our duodecimo. In treating of the writers of the fifth period, Mr. Robert Chambers falls once more into child-like *naïveté*. Of Pope, he says:—"In his early years he had much intercourse with a Mr. Cromwell, who is described as having been a mixture of the pedant and the beau; and from this individual he acquired many habits of thinking and expression *by no means amiable,—in particular, a sarcastic way of treating the female sex.*" If such criticism is not funny, we know not what is. It reminds us of a friend of ours, who never could understand an ironical remark. Tell him that the moon was made of green cheese, and he would not credit the absurdity—not he! Speaking of one of the great writers of a former age, Mr. Chambers calls him a person of "uncommon talent." He must have been the man who declared, in conversation, "Goldsmith is a pretty poet." To show that Mr. Pope's sarcasm on the female sex was not altogether undeserved, we will relate an observation made by one of the fair to ourselves, not dissimilar in simplicity to those of Mr. Chambers. We were quoting from Milton the beautiful passage ending,

"Smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lovely creature, "where is that from?" "From Comus, Miss." "Comus! who is HE?" "It is not a HE, Miss, but a dramatic scene, entitled a Masque, by Milton." "Oh! Milton, I have read his verses—*sweet poet!*"

Though agreeable the task, we must not linger to cull more flowers from Mr. Chambers's sparse parterre; it will suffice to say, that among the old writers, no mention is made of that "sweet singer of the Temple," George Herbert, whose verses are "beautiful exceedingly." Who does not remember his "Virtue," commencing,

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky—"

Other omissions, equally important, which we cannot stop to designate, occur in the six first periods. Lord Bolingbroke is despatched in a third of a page.

We now come to the seventh and last period, and shall here chiefly confine ourselves to the observations made by the American editor upon the living writers of the present day. The following, however, from the English concoctor of words into sentences which pretend to embody the characteristics of men of genius, are quite enough, without any request, like Dogberry's, from his own mouth, to make us "write him down an ass." Of the works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, ("blessings upon him, and eternal praise!") he writes:—

"He began to publish verses in 1794, but for some years after that period was chiefly engaged in political compositions. An undue devotion to the study of metaphysics and of German literature seems to have early blighted the genius of this poet, whose powers, both of imagination and of expression, are among the highest that have been known in the present age. There is scarcely one of his poems which is not in some respect imperfect or deformed, and it is only in a few particular passages that he appears in his native and genuine lustre."

And this is pretty much all that is said. It is sufficient, however, to disgust us with the miserable incapacity of Mr. Robert Chambers. We are positive that he could not have produced the passage quoted from the notice of Dryden. He is a driveller in the last stage of second childhood.

With this compliment, we turn from him with pleasure to his much superior assistant, the mellifluously-named Rev. Royal Robbins.

We remark primarily, that Mr. Robbins was unfitted for the task of executing even an outline sketch of the present state of our literature from a lack of acquaintance with the principal and best known of our authors. He mentions the names of several who deservedly hold a high rank in the catalogue of those who have contributed to elevate the literary character of the country; but he has passed by others equally worthy of commemoration. Among those who occupy a subordinate rank, he has named individuals far inferior to many who have deserved and gained the public approbation. We will prove this by a recital of a few of the neglected authors, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as of those whose reputation is not limited to the State or section in which they reside, but have been heard of even in Hartford, and, if we are not mistaken, as far "down East" as Kennebunk.

First of the POETS; he has not mentioned JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, a name dear to Americans, and author of a poem, which, for fanciful and delicate imagery, has never been surpassed in this country, and seldom in any other. Did the

Rev. Royal Robbins never hear of "the Culprit Fay?" Did he never meet with the address to the American Flag, a poem as familiar as Yankee Doodle to American ears? Were the shadows in which he seems to dwell never pierced by the rays of genius which flowed from WASHINGTON ALLSTON, JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, GEORGE D. PRENTICE, or HANNAH GOULD? The omission of the last name is absolutely surprising, for Miss Gould is, beyond all comparison, the most gifted and most pleasing poetess in this hemisphere. Did our Editor never hear of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, one of the most graceful, witty, and delightful makers of verse in modern times—nor of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE, nor HENRY PICKERING, nor WILLIAM CROSWELL? Nor, among the females who have adorned our literature, of MRS. BROOKS, wife of Mr. James G. Brooks whom he mentions, and, in conjunction with whom, she published many beautiful effusions—nor of MRS. EMBURY, nor MISS BOGART, nor of—and here our astonishment would rise into despair, if we had not already despaired of the Rev. Royal Robbins—of LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON? This last has become a name nearly as famous as that of *Chatterton* in the records of early genius; her poems have been highly commended in the *London Quarterly Review*, and a charming sketch of her life prepared by Miss Sedgwick. We state this for Royal's individual information, not because the whole world is not cognizant of the facts. We state, also with similarly beneficent intent, that, among the novelists of our country, there have been such personages as DR. ROBERT M. BIRD, author of a series of novels inferior in reputation only to those of Cooper and Brown; as WM. P. KENNEDY, the admirable author of "*Swallow Barn*" and "*Horse-Shoe Robinson*;" as JOHN T. IRVING; as PROFESSOR INGRAHAM. But we need not go on swelling the list. One would have thought that at least MISS LESLIE might have been added. We will astonish the reader with the names of a few of the miscellaneous writers of whose names and productions no mention is made in this "History of Literature." ROBERT WALSH of Philadelphia; ALEXANDER SLIDELL, author of "a Year in Spain;" THOMAS GRIMKE, of Charleston, S. C.; MATTHEW CAREY, of Philadelphia; MATTHEW L. DAVIS, author of "The Life of Burr;" WILLIAM L. STONE; WILLIAM LEGGETT; THEODORE S. FAY; WILLIAM COX. As he mentions GEORGE P. MORRIS, we marvel at his omission of the two last; we thought their names, and that of Mr. N. P. WILLIS, inseparably woven in the same wreath of renown. The Rev. Royal Robbins has not failed to notice certain polemical and other works of a serious cast; but he seems to have confined himself to a particular persuasion, and hardly to have stepped off of the Saybrook platform. Did he never encounter the names of BISHOP WHITE, of DR. JARVIS, of DR. HAWKES? nor to SAMUEL WEBBER, ABNER ALDEN, PROFESSOR CLEAVLAND? But we no longer specify; if we were to go a little lower in the scale of merit, we might fill the remainder of this journal with the names of writers, every one of whom is equal if not superior to those selected. We could not expect that all of the "two thousand" should be mentioned; but we do expect that some sort of discretion, discrimination, and appreciation should be indicated. Mr. Robbins politely offers to supply any omissions which may be pointed out, but to do so, on the same scale of merit which he has here adopted, would require at least two more such volumes.

Thus far the kind, attentive, and forbearing reader of this notice has been surprised at the neglect displayed by the Rev. Royal Robbins of certain well-known names; but we now propose to petrify him with amazement, by the mention of two or three most illustrious, glorious, and world-renowned individuals; and it is still more marvellously wonderful that these should have been overlooked in any work making pretensions to give an account of literature. We are no less astonished at the oversight on the part of Mr. Chambers; for, although Americans, has not their fame taken to itself the wings of the

morning, and dwelt in the uttermost parts of the sea? Whose heart does not "leap up," as Wordsworth's did when he "beheld a rainbow in the sky," at the magic sound of SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD! Inimitable bard! thou strikest the lyre, and what delicious harmonics quiver along the strings! what strains of indignant, heart-rending defiance! what woful cadences, expressive of a mind surcharged with grief at the world's cruel indifference! What thy poems lacked in quality they made up in quantity, as the groaning shelves of booksellers bore witness. Even now, in our mind's eye, we behold thee, like Homer journeying through the cities of Greece, travelling about from town to town rehearsing thy immortal epics at half-a-dollar a piece to grown people; children half-price; or, accompanied by thy venerable and irresistible maternal ancestor, soliciting subscriptions. But not only to thyself, but to thy rivals for the guerdon of fame, has Royal Robbins denied record. Where is Dr. McHenry, the author of *Friendship*—a poem, and the *Wilderness*—a novel, in which General George Washington is represented as on his knees to a cruel young woman! Oh! where? Where is EMMONS, vulgarly but endearingly called Pickle? where the author of "the FREDONLAD," a gigantic poem, divided into Five Cantos, thus—First Canto, *Heaven*; Second Canto, *Heaven Continued*; Third Canto, *Hell*; Fourth Canto, *Hell Continued*; Fifth Canto, *Battle of Detroit*? Oh, where? And where is McDonald Clark, "the mad poet," mad out of sheer inspiration? Where—now for the climax—where is MRS. ROYAL? who puts us in mind of the ballad of "The Screeching Lady," and who, though impolitely called by John Neal "a double-fisted fellow in petticoats," is

"A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon."

The omission of this sweet sunflower of Literature is no more excusable, on the part of Rev. Royal Robbins, than that of her sister-spirit, Mrs. Trollope, who might be called the cauliflower if not more closely akin to the cabbage—

"That giant-rose wrapt in a green surtout."

But we must wind up this long "screed." The importance of the topic must be our excuse for the space devoted to its consideration. We recommend to Mr. Robbins to suppress the present title of his book, and, instead of calling it "a History of the English Language and Literature," to substitute the more grandiloquent and appropriate one of, "A Lexicographical account, in Chronological order, of some of the most distinguished and undistinguished authors of Great Britain and America, *with omissions*."

Ernest Maltravers. By the author of "*Pelham*," "*Eugene Aram*," "*Rienzi*," &c. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

THE first intention of Mr. Bulwer was to call this novel "*The School of Life*;" the substitution of the hero's name, as the appellation of the book itself, was determined upon after the first volume was printed. We mention this circumstance as in some sort explaining the author's intentions in the composition of Ernest Maltravers; his conception of the success with which those intentions have been effected, may be gathered from the concluding sentence of the second volume, in which he states his belief that the tale presents "a faithful survey of the philosophy of human life."

We are not of the number who think it expedient, or perhaps necessary, to contend against the general opinion of Mr. Bulwer's genius; there must be *something* in the man whose works are in the hands of thousands on the very day of their publication. But we do make bold to differ from Mr. Bulwer himself, and, it may be, from many of his admirers, on the subject of his peculiar excellence. It is evident enough, as well from his express declarations as from the general character of his writings, that Mr. Bulwer piques himself on his philosophy; that, in his own estimation, his *forte* lies in the extent and accuracy of his knowledge touching human motives, and the mutual action of character upon events and of events upon character—and in the ability with which he develops and illustrates these in the progress of his narratives. We take it for granted, that he is neither unconscious of, nor dissatisfied with, his skill in the construction of a story; but it is obvious enough, that in his own view of the matter, narrative is but the handmaid to metaphysics, and that what he tells is far exceeded in value by what he teaches.

In this opinion we do by no means agree with Mr. Bulwer. His stories we hold to be admirably adapted, both to excite and please the imagination; but his philosophy we conceive to be not only shallow, but unsound. In the invention and disposition of incident, for the purposes of the novelist, we give him no living superior, and none dead, of modern days, except Walter Scott; but we can never consent to dignify his brilliant common-places with the name of metaphysics. That they are brilliant, and striking, and eminently successful in catching the fancy—we cannot say the mind—is not to be questioned; but there is, in reality, nothing in them. The fact may be demonstrated in a moment. Try to remember one of them. You, madam or sir, who have lately been reading "Eugene Aram," for instance, or "The Disowned," or this new "Ernest Maltravers," and have been captivated by the showy maxims scattered in such lavish profusion through its pages; recall to mind, if you can, a single idea or sentiment of the many which appeared to you at once so novel and so just—so brilliant and so profound. You cannot do it. They pleased your imagination, but they did not impress themselves upon your understanding. In a word, there was nothing in them—and that is one of the characteristics of Mr. Bulwer's philosophy.

We might here go on to show the ground on which we make our other charge against it—that of unsoundness, but it has been better done by abler critics; and, besides, we have not time and room to spare. Enough for the present to say, that its great fault is the attempt to raise intellectuality above morality; to establish mere mind, not only as the sure and fitting guide of conduct with reference to temporal success, but also as the instrument of happiness here and hereafter. Not that we conceive Mr. Bulwer to be an infidel, or even a doubting sceptic—far from it; we believe that he intends to be a teacher of high and solemn truth, and really flatters himself that he has singularly clear and just notions respecting man's capacities, and moral nature, and duties for life and eternity. We have no doubt that *he* thinks his philosophy perfectly sound, and in accordance not only with the developments of human life, but also with the language and spirit of revelation—the difficulty is, that of the former he knows not much, and of the latter nothing; having sought his knowledge of both, not in observation and careful study with the sincere desire to learn, but in certain of the heathen ethical writers, whom he has read more than he has understood.

But of Ernest Maltravers. It is a tale of the present day, and intended to illustrate, not so much the manners as the political and moral opinions of the day in England. The hero is an English aristocrat by birth and in feeling, striving to be a republican in principle. Splendidly endowed, of course, with intellect, and devoured by an insatiable ambition of fame, for which he strives in the field

of literature; proud of his order and of his station in society, and yet despising that very order; contemning the advantages of station, and strongly disposed to view with general scorn the opinions of all mankind, even when they bear that relation to himself which constitutes the very fame he covets. The reader will perceive that such a character is not an absolute novelty, either in books or in real life. Some hundreds of such heroes are to be found in modern novels; and Lord Byron might have stood as the lay-figure to all the limners. Notwithstanding several interjectional disclaimers, we have no doubt that Mr. Bulwer had his looking-glass before him when he drew the portrait of Ernest Maltravers; and that he is not at all dissatisfied with the success of his attempt to catch a striking likeness.

The other personages of the tale are not remarkably original. These are, a selfish and unprincipled rascal, passing for a clever and very gentlemanly fellow—*item*, a crack-brained Italian poet—*item*, a sensible, well-educated and accomplished Frenchman, which is somewhat of a novelty in the hands of an English author—*item*, a thriving man of worldly wisdom and worldly piety—three or four elderly gentlemen, remarkable for nothing in particular—and three heroines. Of these, two are beautiful and finely imagined conceptions; the other, an Italian countess, is merely the polished, intellectual, but not too pure-minded and well-principled French woman of the last century, as we see them exhibited by each other and themselves; but she is dressed up for this occasion in the habits and habitudes of 1837.

The best and most original characters in Ernest Maltravers are the two English heroines—for such they are, not only in their moral and intellectual endowments, but in their relation to the distinguished individual who gives the work its name. The idea with which Mr. Bulwer has set out in the delineation of these characters, has been that of perfect contrast. One of them may be looked upon as an impersonation of mind—intellect; the other of soul, or affection. One is of the highest rank in society—mistress of enormous wealth—beautiful and accomplished beyond description—witty and self-willed, as becomes an Earl's only daughter, and heiress, in her own right, to a hundred thousand pounds a year. The other is also beautiful, but in all else the antagonist of her rival—for rivals they are, unconsciously, in the affection of signor Maltravers. The daughter of crime and poverty, nurtured in want, both mental and bodily, her mind is a perfect *tabula rasa*, until she learns at once to love and to think; and her intellect and her affections are awakened to life, action, and developement together.

The reader will perceive, from this very loose and meagre sketch, that in the hands of Mr. Bulwer here are materials for a story that it would be a great loss of pleasure not to read. The moral which he intended to convey in it, or rather the philosophy of which it was designed to be the vehicle, may be adopted or rejected at the reader's pleasure. For our own part, we are like Malvolio in the play,—we “think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.”

The Hawk-Chief; a Tale of the Indian Country: by John T. Irving, Jr. In two vols. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

THIS is a thrilling tale of Indian warfare. The woof is spun with great nicety, though the warp does not seem to be particularly new. The same class of incidents, always chosen by Mr. Cooper, is here adopted. There is due measure of horrors and dangers, and much more than a *quantum sufficit* of fighting; indeed, the novel might have been divided as Christopher North partitions off his

rhapsodies in Blackwood, into *Fytles*. Many of the scenes are impressive in the perusal; but, unfortunately, just after we had closed the book, we saw the Foxes, Sacs, Sioux, and Ioways, then on their visit to this city. The sight of these absurd-looking wretches banished all our romance, and, strongly overpowered with a sense of the ridiculous, it seemed to us surprising that any imagination could invest one of them with the grandeur of form and elevation of character ascribed to "the Hawk-Chief." We can easily conceive of the shuddering disgust with which they must have inspired the whites, and the full fidelity of the comparison which likened them, in the perpetration of their savage orgies, to "devils incarnate." We have no doubt, however, that in peace the Indians are very stupid, subdued animals, and likely to frighten no one except ladies in a certain condition, and very small children.

There are some beautiful passages of description in this work. Some of the inferior characters are forcibly delineated; and, though we can discover few original or strong points, they play their parts and make their remarks after the best-approved examples of the modern school of fiction. As a whole, the present story is inferior to Mr. Irving's former productions, though there are the same exhibitions of ease and grace of style and chasteness of expression, which distinguish the illustrious head of the literary family, the honors of whose name are by no means diminished, though not essentially increased, by our present agreeable author.

Discourse on the Character of the late Chester Averill, A. M., Professor of Chemistry in Union College; delivered at the request of the Faculty of the College, June 16, 1837. By Rev. Thomas C. Reed, Professor of Political Economy.

THIS is one of those pleasing, though melancholy records, of which the annals of literature are full.

The early dawn of talent, early struggles, difficulties, discouragements, disappointments, are all met and all finally overcome by the steady application of well-trained mental power; then comes the triumph—the obstacles are removed or surmounted, the course to future eminence open before him, the prize of which distant and unfrequent glimpses have long cheered him on, is now fairly in view, the hand is just stretched forth to clutch it—when death steps in, and snatches the scholar from his toils and his triumphs; and the friends, who were ready to herald his progress to fame, have only left them the melancholy duty of decking that grave where their bright hopes are forever buried.

Averill was indeed a scholar, a good if not a ripe one. His mind was thoroughly imbued with that love of letters which renders study pleasant, and, at the same time, it had that perfect training which is sure to make study profitable. With natural powers of a very high order, he was not one of those who think mental toil beneath the dignity of Genius, and who dream away life in vain aspirations after that fame which they are unwilling to deserve by patient effort. The following extract, touching on this very subject, has a justness and maturity of thought which would not discredit the well-considered efforts of manhood, yet it was written at eighteen—an unstudied private letter to a young friend, who, like himself, had many difficulties to struggle with, and was nearly discouraged.

"After explaining his own embarrassments, which, however, he views with a very philosophic eye, he remarks—I am wholly disinclined to derive consolation

from your adversity. I will confess, that there are some passages in your late history, which, unless carefully and rightly considered, may tend to render such men as you and me discontented with life. In them I see a young man of excellent natural endowments, following the inducements of his taste against many considerable impediments in selecting his profession—storing his mind with more than ordinary professional knowledge—entering upon the practice of his profession with a high ambition to raise it, and with a zealous desire to be useful, at the same time that he hopes to acquire a respectable subsistence, but lacking the support and patronage of that public which he is so well qualified, and which he so much desires, to benefit. Whether this and similar facts result from the triumph of empiricism over the gullibility of men, or from there being a greater number of accomplished physicians than the exigencies of the community require, is a question, the true answer to which might not be very complimentary to the wisdom of mankind. But, my dear friend, there is a danger attendant upon men in our circumstances, which we should most strenuously guard against. We must take care lest, while languishing under the want of public patronage, we should cease to strive to merit it."

The same character of mind which marks this passage, appears in all the extracts which Professor Reed has incorporated into his Discourse; a mind singularly just and practical in its views, trained to habits of patient investigation, and accurate, because well-considered thought. The history of such an intellect presents lessons of great practical value to the student, and Professor Reed has well done his part, to make the lesson both attractive and useful. His Discourse should be in the hands of every youthful scholar. It is rendered attractive by very neat typography; and, to the friend of Averill, doubly valuable by a portrait, engraved by Prudhomme.

Poems, written during the progress of the Abolition Question in the United States, between the years 1830 and 1838; by John G. Whittier. Boston: Isaac Knapp; pp. 103.

WE shall not enter upon any discussion of the perilous subject, whose progress seems to have called forth this thin volume of verses. Neither shall we quote any of the indignant and spirited strains in which the author has so freely indulged. As a sample of the powers displayed in the collection, we prefer to quote those stanzas on different themes which have not injudiciously been joined to these outpourings against Slavery. Mr. Whittier is an unequal poet; but he is possessed of a genius hardly inferior to that of any writer in the country, although a lack of high cultivation may have restrained its exercise to a very limited sphere. The two following pieces are excellent specimens of his powers. The first is truly an admirable lyric:—

" THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

" Cast down, great God, the fanes,
That, to unhallowed gains,
Round us have risen—
Temples, whose priesthood pore
Moses and Jesus o'er—
Then bolt the poor man's prison.—PIERPONT.

" Look on him—through his dungeon grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.

Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long dishevelled locks of snow.

"No grateful fire before him glows,—
And yet the winter's breath is chill:
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague-thrill!
Silent—save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip:
O sad and crushing is the fate,
Of old age chained and desolate!

"Just God! why lies that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red:
And the rude oath and heartless jeer,
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh and fibre thrill and creep,
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him!

"What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so: his crime's a fouler one:
God made the old man poor!
For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this—the boon for which he poured
His young blood on th' invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

"And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars!
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon Monument* upreared to thee—
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The land repays thy service well!

"Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout 'Freedom!' till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout:
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With 'glory' for each second word,
And every thing with breath agree
To praise 'our glorious liberty!'

"And when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,

* Bunker Hill Monument.

And through its grates the stripes and stars
 Rise on the wind, and fall—
 Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
 Rejoices in the general cheer?
 Think ye his dim and failing eye
 Is kindled at your pageantry?
 Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
 What is your carnival to him?

"Down with the LAW that binds him thus!
 Unworthy freemen, let it find
 No refuge from the withering curse
 Of God and human kind!
 Open the prisoner's living tomb,
 And usher from its brooding gloom
 The victims of your savage code,
 To the free sun and air of God!
 No longer dare as crime to brand
 The chastening of th' Almighty's hand!"

"THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

"The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these—ineestimable jewels, which they would show, if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a bible or testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy.'—See *Reiner us Saccho's Book*, A. D. 1258."

"Oh, lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare—
 The richest web of the Indian loom, which Beauty's self might wear;
 And those pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they
 vie;
 I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?"

"And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering
 curls,
 Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
 And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned away,—
 But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—'My gentle lady, stay!'

"Oh, lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings
 Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings—
 A wonderful pearl of exceeding price whose virtue shall not decay,
 Whose light shall be as a spell to thee, and a blessing on thy way!"

"The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,
 Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls be-
 tween;
 Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller gray and old—
 And name the price of thy precious gem, and my pages shall count thy gold.

"The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book,
 Unchased with gold or diamond gem, from his folding robe he took:
 Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—may it prove as such to thee!
 Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, *for the word of God is free!*

"The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind,
 Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind,
 And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,
 And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

"And she hath left the gray, old halls where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales, by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God!"

The Baltimore Book. A Christmas and New-Year's Present : edited by W. A. Carpenter and S. S. Arthur. Baltimore : Bayly & Burns. 1838.

THIS book has very beautiful externals, on which are displayed, in gold, devices appropriate to "the monumental city." It is neatly printed on nice paper; but the engravings with which it is illustrated are miserable in the extreme. They but disfigure the book, and would be considered poor attempts for an apprentice in the art. "The only daughter" is unfit for the outside of a child's copy-book. We are, nevertheless, much obliged to the publishers for their presentation copy, and consider the volume, in its literary character, creditable to the fair city from which it emanates. We wish, however, that the editors had pursued their original design of preparing a collection of specimens of what had been done in literature by Baltimoreans—after the fashion of the Boston, Philadelphia, and New-York books, instead of confining the publication to original tales and poetry. Though the former are interesting and the latter above mediocrity, yet a selected miscellany would have been far more acceptable. Where such men as Kennedy and Calvert are to be found, there could be no difficulty in making up a first-rate book merely of extracts from the works of living authors. A plan like this, however, may be carried out next year by the present capable editors, and we wish every success to their present experiment.

Reviewers Reviewed ; a satire : by the Author of "Pelayo." New-York. Printed for the Author.

HERE is a young lady, who seems to have worked herself up into quite a formidable degree of excitement. We trust, for her health's sake, that she did not venture out into the cold air after the ferment into which she must have been thrown while exercising herself on the most sarcastic passages of this poem. A sudden check to perspiration is always dangerous, and to be sedulously avoided. We cannot form, except in imagination, any idea of the fair creature who indited the caustic lines of the "Reviewer Reviewed;" but, if she is as fragile a flower as a poetess ought to be, she should not go out of doors without the protection of a thick blanket shawl, till next Summer at least. Now that she has finished writing her satire, and had it "printed for the author," it is probable that the mere thought of its fiery bursts of indignation will induce a certain warmth, which, if too suddenly repressed, would be attended with the most serious consequences. We sincerely compassionate her situation. We must confess, however, that our sympathy would have been still more lively, had she in reality taken cold after certain culinary engagements, such as the making of a cake or a pudding, or some similar employment better adapted than that of concocting a satire to the female hand. The pen is an instrument which should be delicately used by the fair—simply in carving out quaint devices of thought

or beautiful little images of expression, not in shaping "Gorgons dire," or severe figures like those statues, with great marble eyes and no nether limbs, that stupify us in the contemplation of Egyptian architecture. When a woman undertakes to utter keen sarcasm or bitter denunciation, we recoil from her words as from something monstrous. A lady's lips should be like the fairy's who spoke pearls; when they are parted to give utterance to her feelings, if words soft, pure, and bright fall not upon the ear, we start with the same shuddering that one would experience in observing a casket opened, where he expected to see brilliants, and beheld, instead, many small lizards lazily crawling about. If the fairer and better part of creation only could realize how loathsome and repulsive to men of taste were slander and sarcasm when falling from their tongues, they would shut up the unruly members within the ivory portals of their delectable mouths whole weeks together, however grievous the self-denial. The authoress of *Pelayo* has indulged in a little slander and some attempts at sarcasm in the thin (thin in every sense of the term) volume before us. The spiteful and yet playful manner in which she has plied her lash of tow is rather amusing,—although she exhibits about as much force and skill as a school-girl does in throwing a stone. The awkwardness and petty anger of the thing would have made us laugh with unalloyed glee, if the fun were not lost in regret that a young lady of respectable talents should thus consent to expose herself. The satire opens, as Milton has it,—

"To the sound of lutes and soft recorders;"

it being dedicated to no less a personage than "The honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New-York," whom Croaker & Co. whilom celebrated in dulcet strains. Some people may wonder at the fitness of this inscription; but in it truly exists the most satirical point of the piece. Nothing could be more epigrammatic or significant than the commending of a satire to his Honor, the Recorder. We gather from our authoress's preface, that she once produced a poem called "*Pelayo*," which was harshly treated by the critics; the inference is palpable that the present production is in accordance with the *Lex Talionis*. This is the *tit* for the *tat*. "*Pelayo*," remarks the fair poetess, "was written at the early age of sixteen." Had our friends Webb of the *Courier* and Daniels of the *Gazette* been aware of this fact, they would have shown the very soul of gentleness towards the dear subject of their criticism, instead of so ungallantly repulsing its advances. We know the gentlemen, and can answer for their universal forbearance where *young* ladies are concerned. As for our cousin of the Knickerbocker, he must defend himself from "the gentle tappings of the lady's fan." Observe how lovingly she pats his little peculiarities.

Up starts the PINK OF DANDIES! blooming gay
 As tulip basking in the sunbeam's ray—
 Like young Adonis, when from rest he springs,
 And Venus to his bow'r her pathway wings;
 Like Triptolemus, when he rises from the flames;
 Like Phaëton, when the steeds of Jove he claims;
 Like Paris stands, when Beauty's Queen appeals,
 And he the golden ball to Venus yields;
 Like lovely Perseus, armed with gifts from heaven,
 Like Amphion when the magic lyre was given;
 Or like Tithonus, when Aurora's voice
 Proclaims him first companion of her choice,
 So stands unveiled our new Adonis there,
 One hand with snowy fingers *combs* his hair,
 While t' other lily, flourished through the air

Unfurls the cambric web, whose perfumes rise
In wreaths of musk or otto to the skies;
Touching his heart, selon *l'usage de monde*,
To all, il fait obeissance profond—
And simpers then—and smirks complacently,
Demanding due applause and homage free:
Bow down, ye gazing throng! your tribute pay,
Behold! he smiles—he moves—make way! make way!
Silence and room for LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK!
A shining light just issued from the dark!
Fopp'ry and fopp'ry's laws were hid in night,
Till Folly said—earth trembling at her might,
'Arise! let Lewis be!' and all was light!"

When we say that this is the fairest specimen of the satirist's powers, both of wit and versification, we need say nothing more. We have had the pleasure of a long acquaintance with Mr. Clark, but should never have recognized the fidelity of the portrait. The same remark might with equal truth be applied to Mr. Morris, who, to Miss Pelayo's fancy, appears clothed in the most savage garb of criticism. Now it strikes us that few nurses of infant literature so liberally dispense the milk of critical kindness as the *New-York Mirror*.

But the funniest part of the book—except where Mr. Recorder Riker is called "stern arbiter of crime," and invoked "with potent scourge and sceptre," "to annihilate the critic race,"—is the outpouring of satirical vengeance on the devoted heads of Messrs. Webb and Daniels. Now we will wager the English edition of Lockhart's *Life of Scott* against the American one of Mr. N. P. Willis's *Inklings of Adventure*, the most delightful against the silliest modern book we can think of, that "Col. Webb" never saw Pelayo, nor the criticism in his own paper, nor this satire, nor ever heard of either, till this present reading. We will not venture to say the same thing of Daniels, for, wanting something to make a paragraph of, he may have picked up "Pelayo" and laughed at it. But what will be thought of the friends of our authoress, who have allowed a young woman, not, or but recently, out of her teens, to print a volume, in which the stalest slanders about Mr. Webb, in connexion with Mr. Biddle and Mr. Duff Green, are repeated for the thousandth time, and the grossest ignorance displayed about matters which girls and old women, owing to the diluted state of their intellects, ought never to be permitted to talk about? Yet this is not the worst. Following the stupid verses on Mr. Daniels, the pale of private life is indecently straddled over; and, evidently for the sake of rhyme, a name implying the most hallowed relation of home is tacked on to "cows, horses, ploughshares, and corn-cribs." Where was Miss Isabel Pelayo bred? Who was her parent or guardian?

The rhymes about "Colonel Stone" are equally untrue; and, though less disgusting, quite as slanderous. But we have grown serious, while intending simply to laugh at the absurd spectacle of a young lady putting on boots and boxing-gloves, and stepping into the ring for a tussle with experienced bruisers. We trust, however, that the rebuke we have administered will be as effective as it is richly deserved. Miss Isabel, or by whatever name she may be known to her unwise advisers, must learn more discretion and better manners than to mix up a mess of stale slander, vapid wit and sloppy verses, and send the compound to critics as a *bonne bouche*. If she will cause a large fire to be made, into which she can cast the whole edition of "Reviewers Reviewed," she need not be afraid of a red face, induced by the warmth of the blaze; for she cannot blush more deeply than she ought at this moment, at thought of her own indiscretion.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

ANOTHER blast of the great moral tornado which is destined to purify the atmosphere and revivify the energies of the Republic!

When in our last we reviewed the course and summarily exhibited the results of the elections during October, we confidently appealed to the further verdict of the people in those of November, then on the eve of transpiring. We saw in the course of public affairs—in the extent of individual and general suffering from misgovernment—in the very hopelessness of a change for the better, unless that change were founded in political revolution—as well as in the indications of public sentiment afforded by preceding elections, the sure precursors of victory. We looked forward with a sanguine hope, which to nine-tenths even of our friends seemed little short of madness, to an Opposition triumph in New-York.

And yet we have been somewhat surprised by the completeness and magnitude of that victory. Six Whig senators out of eight—one hundred and twenty-eight representatives in the House of Assembly, and a popular majority of fifteen to twenty thousand—these results might even amaze one who had been confidently expecting them. But when it is considered that the State has been for more than ten years past in the hands of the administration party, which has rigidly monopolized and skilfully employed all the enormous patronage thus placed within its reach—that, under a system of drill and discipline unequalled elsewhere, the majorities of that party have been steadily increased from five thousand in 1828 to thirty thousand in 1836—that it last year carried six of the eight senatorial districts, and obtained a decided majority on other tickets in a seventh—that it elected ninety-four to thirty-four Members of Assembly, losing seven of the remainder by an internal dissension—it must be confessed that its downfall is more sudden and astonishing than any recorded in the history of American politics. It finds no fitting parallel in any event since the abasement of Nebuchadnezzar.

Such in itself is the triumph achieved by the Whigs of New-York, in the extraordinary discomfiture of the Administration forces in the recent election. For its consequences within the state it is richly deserving an oration. But when we regard rather its wider effects upon the destinies of the nation—its annihilat-

ing rebuke not merely to the conduct of those in high places, but its positive influence in circumscribing the present exercise, and affixing a final limit to the duration of the power which they have abused, its importance cannot be overrated. By friend and foe, the revolt of New-York from his standard is regarded as the knell of Mr. Van Buren's political struggle. Were it not for the assurances stintedly given, and the hope faintly indulged, that the state may be regained next Autumn, the President would now be left without a party beyond the few thousands of official stipendiaries who live in daily dependence on his temporary power. Meantime the land resounds with the glad tidings of the regeneration of New-York—it is borne on every breeze—it is wafted to every shore—it blazes from hill to hill, and is proclaimed from city to hamlet by the thunder of deep-throated cannon. It is a truth not liable to be easily effaced from the minds of the American people.

Turn we to stanch, unbending, unflinching Massachusetts. Truly as beautifully was it averred, in one of the sentiments elicited by the Whig Celebration, that "American Liberty loves to linger by the cradle where her infancy was nourished." But Massachusetts, always herself, is twice herself this year—owing in no slight degree to the impulse given by tidings of the triumph in New-York. With a Whig Governor and Lieutenant Governor, by more than eighteen thousand majority; an entire Whig senate of forty members, and seven eighths or more of the popular representation; it must be confessed that Massachusetts has borne the years intervening since '76 with little contamination and with less versatility.

From Michigan, the intelligence, though less decisive, is not less animating. The Administration, which till this year has carried every election from the outset by overwhelming majorities, has now, aided by all the patronage of the National and State Governments, been saved from defeat by five or six hundred among forty thousand votes. Had the election been held a month later, there can be little or no doubt of a far heavier majority for the Whigs. Three days of free circulation to the intelligence from New-York, and the contest would have been settled. The opportunity was not seasonably afforded; and so a year of respite is granted to the party in Michigan.

From Mississippi we have nothing decisive at the time of this writing. We believe neither party anticipates any signal change in the politics of this state.

Thus close the elections of 1837, with a gain of about one hundred thousand popular votes to the Whig party, as compared with the vote of last year; an ascertained majority of nearly the same number, and a real majority much greater; while fourteen of the twenty-one states which have held elections this year have pronounced a verdict of condemnation upon the acts of the Executive, by the residue it can hardly be doubted that the proportion holds good; and who shall say that Virginia, Connecticut, and Alabama can now be properly classed as friendly to the measures of the Administration? Is there, indeed, any state that can, since New-York has enrolled herself in the ranks of the Opposition? Which is it? New Hampshire? We shall see at the approaching election.

THE LIFE OF BRANT.—This work is making progress toward its full completion. It will appear on or before the first of March. It will be one of the most valuable additions which has ever been made to the history of our country. It is to contain, in connexion with the life of the Great Indian Warrior, a full history of the Indian and Tory War of the Mohawk Valley, and, in fact, of the whole region North and West of Albany. Nor is this all. Joseph Brant was connected with the memorable Indian wars of the North-west, from 1784 to 1795; which were closed by the splendid victory of Wayne, on the Miamis, in which Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer bore a gallant part. A history of these wars, with the attending negotiations, will consequently be contained in the work of Col. Stone.

We have reason to know that the author has taken unwearied pains in the collection of his materials, and with great success. The massacres of the Mohawk Valley, of the Schoharie Kill, of Cherry Valley and Wyoming, will be given in full; together with many original letters from Brant himself, and various English, Tory, and American officers. In addition to the family papers of the Mohawk Chief, Col. Stone has had the advantage of Gen. Clinton's papers, General Gansevoort's, and many others; and the work will, beyond a doubt, when completed, be a valuable acquisition to American history.

It will comprise two large octavo volumes, and contain several elegantly engraved portraits; one of which will be the portrait of Brant in his younger days, as he appeared at court in London, in 1776, from a portrait for the Earl of Warwick. Another painted by Ames, in 1805. It will also contain a portrait of his son and successor, John Brant, who fought gallantly at Queens-town during the late war, and died of the cholera in 1832. In addition to which, in connexion with the siege of Fort Stanwix, it will contain a likeness of the Revolutionary General Gansevoort, from the portrait by Stuart, now in possession of General Peter Gansevoort; and also a likeness of Red Jacket, a sketch of whose life will conclude the work.

As it is to be issued from the elegant press of Messrs. Scatcherd and Adams, the public may expect a beautifully printed book.

THE WHIG ALMANACK AND POLITICIANS' REGISTER.—This is a most valuable little manual for Politicians, and for all others who wish to preserve a complete, correct, and well-arranged Register of the important city and state elections during the year 1837. The returns will be given complete up to the first of December; and as a convenient medium of reference, nothing has appeared which gives such full political information. It should be purchased by every true-hearted Whig; for, in giving the true history of the late elections, it shows, by the incontrovertible testimony of figures, the splendid triumphs which have of late attended the cause of Liberty. To inspire confidence in the exact truth of its statements, we need but state that it was prepared by Horace Greeley, Esq., Editor of the New-Yorker. Besides the astronomical calculations and the political statistics, the Almanack is interspersed with laughable hits and good things, selected from the sayings of that wittiest of Editors, Prentice, of the Louisville Journal.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES.—Mr. Buckingham, for several years a member of the British Parliament, has just completed, in New-York, two highly interesting courses of Lectures on Egypt and Palestine. His lectures combine the noblest instructions with agreeable entertainment, and they have been received with favor by large audiences at Clinton Hall, and at the Stuyvesant Institute. They possess a peculiar interest from the fact of the lecturer's having travelled through all the regions described, and been himself a witness of the scenes celebrated in Scriptural History. From his address to the American public, disseminated shortly after his arrival in the country, we extract an epitome of the places through which his journeyings lay :—

"A train of events, much too numerous to be narrated in detail, occasioned me, very early in life, to leave my native country, England, and to visit most of the nations of Europe—still more of the interior of Asia—many parts of the continent of Africa—and some parts also of the two Americas. It was after an active life of some twenty years thus devoted, and in which it fell to my lot to traverse, I believe, a larger portion of the earth's surface, and to visit a greater number and variety of countries, than almost any man living of my age, that I settled as a resident in the capital of the British possessions in India, where I remained for several years.

"During the voyages and travels that I was permitted to make along the shores of the Mediterranean, amidst the Isles of Greece, in Asia Minor, Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, and India, I had an opportunity of personally inspecting almost all the remarkable cities and monuments of ancient greatness in the several countries named; including the gigantic pyramids, colossal temples, stately obelisks, majestic statues, and gloomy catacombs and sepulchres, which stud the classic banks of the Nile, from Alexandria and Grand Cairo to the cataracts of Syene;—the hoary mountains of Horeb and Sinai, and the Desert of Wandering, across which the children of Israel were led from out of the land of Egypt, to the promised Canaan; the plains of Moab and Ammon, with Mount Pisgah, the valley of Jordan, and the Dead Sea; the ruined cities of Tyre and Sidon; the ports of Joppa, Acre, and Cesarea; the villages of Nazareth and Cana of Galilee; the cities of Schem, Samaria, and Bethlehem; the mountains of Lebanon, Hermon, Tabor, and Carmel; the Mount of Olives and Mount Zion; the holy city of Jerusalem, with all its sacred localities, from the pools of Siloam and Bethesda, near the brook Kedron, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, to the more touching and endearing spots of the Garden of Gethsemane, the Rock of Calvary, and the Sepulchre in which the body of our Lord was laid.

"While these were the objects of my inspection in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, the Scriptural countries of Syria and Mesopotamia were scarcely less prolific in the abundance of the materials which they presented to my view. In the former were the sea-ports of Berytus, Byblus, Tripolis, and Laodicea, with the great interior cities of Antioch on the verdant banks of the Orontes, Aleppo on the plains, and the enchanting cities of Damascus, whose loveliness has been the theme of universal admiration, from the days of Abraham and Eliezer to those of Naaman the Syrian, and the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and from thence to the present hour: while the great Temple of the Sun at Baalbeck, the splendid ruins of Palmyra, the gorgeous monuments of ancient splendor in the Roman settlements of Decapolis, and the still earlier dominions of those who reigned before either Greek or Roman in Bashan and Gilead, and the regions beyond Jordan, added splendor to beauty, and combined all that the traveller or antiquary could desire.

"Mesopotamia, including the ancient empires of Chaldea, Assyria, and Babylonia, into which I passed from Palestine, largely rewarded my researches. In the former, the celebrated city of Ur of the Chaldees received me within its gates, and I passed many days in this ancient birth-place and abode of the patriarch Abraham. The extensive ruins of Nineveh, spread in silent desolation along the banks of the Tigris, and the fallen Babylon, stretching its solitary heaps on either side of the great river Euphrates, were also objects of patient and careful examination; as well as the Oriental capital of the Caliphs, Bagdad the renowned; and the remains of the great Tower of Babel, on the plain of Shinar, of which a considerable portion still exists to attest the arrogance and folly of its builders.

"Media and Persia came next in my wanderings; and there, also, the ruins of the ancient Ecbatana, the tomb of Cyrus at Pasargada, and the splendid remains of the great Temple at Persepolis, gratified in a high degree the monumental and antiquarian taste; while the populous cities of Kermanshah, Ispahan, and Shiraz, with the lovely valleys of Persian landscapes, amply fed my love of the beautiful and the picturesque.

"In India, as the field was more extended, and the time devoted longer by several years, far more was seen, experienced, and felt. It may suffice, however, to say, that all the outlines of that magnificent "Empire of the Sun," from the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf on the west, to the Bay of Bengal on the east, were traced by my voyages along its shores; for, after navigating and accurately surveying both the seas named, from Suez to Bab-el-mandeb in the one, and from the mouths of the Euphrates to the port of Muscat in the other, I visited Bombay, and all the ports upon the coast of Malabar; from thence to Colombo and Point de Galle in the Island of Ceylon; afterwards anchored at Madras, and entered the ports of Bimlipatam and Vizagapatam, on the coast of Coromandel and Orissa, in the region of the Idol temple of Juggernaut; and ultimately reached the British capital of India, Calcutta, on the banks of the Ganges."

These lectures were extremely popular in many parts of England, and were attended by audiences of considerable numbers and high respectability. We are informed that it is Mr. Buckingham's intention to repeat his valuable discourses in the principal cities of the United States. From the general approbation with which they have been received by the press in "the Commercial Metropolis," we have no doubt that the same courtesies will be extended in "the Literary Emporium," "the City of Brotherly Love," "the Monumental City," and other principal towns, in which he may sojourn on his tour through the different sections of the Union.

HISTORY OF MICHIGAN.—James H. Lanman, Esq. of Detroit, proposes to publish a History of Michigan, from its earliest colonization to the present time. He is now, we understand, actively engaged in the preparation of this important work. From an intimate acquaintance with the abilities of this gentleman, we can prospectively recommend his book with great earnestness. The following is an exposition of his plan, furnished by himself to the Detroit Advertiser:—

"The magnitude, and growing importance of the State of Michigan, have induced me to undertake the above-named work. For the last eight months I have been engaged, at intervals, in collecting materials for that object. The task has been laborious, as these materials have been scattered around in traditionary morsels, mouldy pamphlets, and obsolete volumes. Some have existed in rough fragments, some in sculptured masses, and others had not been hewn from the quarry. My single effort has been, to gather these scattered facts, and mould them into a well-proportioned fabric, which shall exhibit the state of Michigan in all its length and breadth.

"Subjoined are some of the principal reasons which have led to its prosecution. In the first place, no attempt has heretofore been made to set forth the progress and resources of Michigan in a connected and ample form. The sketches which have appeared under the auspices of the Historical Society, proceeding from some of the prominent minds of the state, are all for which they are designed, Fragmentary Discourses, and they could be no otherwise, from the circumstances under which they were prepared. I am aware of no other similar effort. Every man who possesses the least amount of real property in the state has an interest in any enterprise which tends to show its resources; and it is equally true, that a too general ignorance prevails abroad in regard to the actual position of Michigan. The position is such that it need not fear development. Its amazing growth is unexampled in the history of the continent. Twenty years ago, a few small hamlets constituted the main part of its population. Since that period it has sprung forward upon the field—a powerful state—full armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. Nature has lavished her bounties upon its lands and lakes.

Inland seas wash its shores, which, in their aggregate size, are exceeded by no other body of fresh water upon the globe; and they constitute a line of navigable water for Michigan, which would reach nearly half across the Atlantic. The internal strength of the state, springing from its agricultural, commercial, manufacturing and mineral resources; the extent of its domain, and the variety of the soil, connected at the remotest points by numerous rivers, furnishing the means of navigation, extensive hydraulic power, and facilities for the establishment of public works, such as rail-roads and canals, spread out glorious visions of future growth and opulence. Of such a country, its citizens may be justly proud.

"Independently of the recent advance of the state, its ante-constitutional history is of marked interest. From the period when James Cartier first trod the shores of New France, the region of country which we inhabit exhibits a strange and wild succession of facts, as connected with the fur-trade, the Indian tribes, and the struggles between the French, the Savages, the British and Americans for the dominion of the country, which deserves a permanent record.

"The following will be the plan of the work:—

"I shall give a general chronological history of New France, within whose limits the settled portion of Michigan was embraced, down to the colonization of Detroit, and thence the progress of the state in a condensed form to the present time. It will contain an account of the early Catholic Missionary Establishments, the Fur Trade, the Indian, French, British and American Wars; the constitutional changes of the State, its growth, the character of the soil in the different sections, the Topography, its Commerce, Population, and General Statistics. In carrying out this enterprise, I seek from the public no countenance in advance, except so far as it will enable me to carry out the work as it should be accomplished; although I shall require all their indulgence. Such enterprizes are discouraging at best, and barren indeed must this be unless supported by public approbation."

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN.—A valued friend will furnish for our Magazine a biographical sketch of this excellent man; at present it must suffice that we add our own to the general testimony of his worth. He died on Saturday evening, November 11th, of an apoplectic fit. His death was sudden, but he had reached old age. His sheaf of years was full, and he was ready for the garnering; for his life was that of a man who knew his duties and performed them well. "He was," says the Boston Daily Advertiser, "a man of most amiable character—of excellent principles, and of extensive information." He was a candidate for election from Boston to the next General Court. Mr. Fessenden is best known to the literary world as the author of a humorous poem, written in the Hudibrastic measure, and entitled—"Terrible Tractoration." A notice of it at length was given in this Magazine, on the appearance of a recent edition in this country. It met with an extensive sale in England. But Mr. Fessenden's chief merit as an author consisted in the valuable additions which he made, from time to time, to the Science of Agriculture. To its cultivation he devoted the mature powers of his mind. He was for many years highly esteemed as the editor of the New England Farmer, and was still engaged in that respectable employment at his death.

DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.—George Dearborn and Co. propose to publish this highly valuable work. It should be in the library of every man who is desirous to be acquainted with the most able, clear, and philosophical views ever presented by any foreigner who has visited this country. It is surprising to us, that, while so many trashy works, written by English men and women, have been devoured by the public, no publisher could deem it pru-

dent to issue those two excellent books by French authors of celebrity, which have received the universal commendation of English and American Reviews of the highest character. We allude to this of De Tocqueville and that of M. De Chevalier. The former is replete with the most sagacious reflections; and the impressive and entertaining style in which they are conveyed has been felicitously retained by Mr. Reeve in his faithful and elegant translation. We trust that Messrs. Dearborn and Co. may receive such encouragement from the press and from gentlemen of taste as will authorise them in prosecuting their design of publication.

THY LOVE, BY J. N. M'JILTON.—A piece of verse with this title, which was some time since communicated to this Magazine, and is published this month, has, we perceive, appeared in the Ladies' Companion for November. It is, perhaps, a sufficient excuse for its having been sent to another journal, that, through our neglect, it remained for a long time unacknowledged by this.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—We are happy to assure our friends that our stout barge, THE AMERICAN MONTHLY, still floats on the top of the wave. We have, of late, taken in new ballast, in the shape of strong, solid, Whig principles, which will keep all steady, and we shall float cheerily along. We have also run up a new banner, that is star-spangled and striped gloriously, and blazoned with the motto—"True Liberty." In these bright words there is much significance. We hold that liberty to be true which guards, not prostrates the Laws; which, while it secures to the people equal rights, also teaches "equal duties;" and which, while it reforms abuses, conserves the institutions established by the wisdom of our fathers. We have also a brave crew on board of our tight vessel,—men cast in the right mould, who have stood and will stand by us through all our voyage. Next month we shall show—to continue our nautical simile,—new rigging throughout; or, to leave metaphor, and subside into sober statement, we shall appear in January in new type, and a more elegant array altogether. The size of the Magazine will also be enlarged, and it will vie in the beauty of its exterior with the most finished English periodical. Neither will its internal improvements be neglected. We have engaged articles of stirring interest and sterling merit, on both political and literary subjects; and we shall most assiduously cater for the various tastes of our many gentle readers. This is our brief "Vale." With many thanks, for the uniform kindness which has attended our efforts, to the gentlemen of the newspaper press, as well as to our immediate friends and supporters, whether readers or contributors, we repeat our respectful "Farewell," in the earnest hope that we shall all meet again on the First of January, and heartily wish each other a "Happy New Year."

THE

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CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
NOTORIOUS Characters, and Characters of Note, - - - - -	1
Summer is come, - - - - -	8
Shakspeare and the Bible, - - - - -	9
Extracts from a poem "On the Meditation of Nature," - - - - -	12
The Swallows and the Feather of Down, - - - - -	15
Sketches of Paris—No. 1.—Taglioni, - - - - -	17
Song, "I never knew how sweet a light," - - - - -	24
Leaves from a Lady's Journal—No. 6. - - - - -	25
The Totem, - - - - -	35
Fragments from the Journal of a Solitary man, - - - - -	45
Vanderlyn, - - - - -	56
Stanzas, - - - - -	65
The Head Clerk, - - - - -	66
The Hebrew Muse, - - - - -	75

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Crichton, - - - - -	79
Characteristics of Women, - - - - -	82
A History of New-York, - - - - -	85
Society in America, - - - - -	88
Dissertation on the subject of a Congress of Nations, &c., - - - - -	94
Discourses on the Evidences of the American Indians being the descend- ants of the lost tribes of Israel, - - - - -	94
Thomas Jefferson, - - - - -	95

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Literary Property, - - - - -	97
Curious Works, - - - - -	98
German and Austrian Journals, - - - - -	98
Denmark—Sweden—Russia—Italy—Greece, - - - - -	99
Third Annual Exhibition of the Artist's Fund Society, - - - - -	99
The Seventh Annual Meeting of the American Lyceum, - - - - -	100
Ion, - - - - -	100
J. J. J., - - - - -	101
New French Works, - - - - -	101
Recent American Publications, - - - - -	101
Public Lands, - - - - -	102
Public Schools, - - - - -	102
Scene for a Novelist, - - - - -	102
Improved Pavement, - - - - -	104
Wood Engraving, - - - - -	104
To Correspondents, - - - - -	104

Communications intended for the Editors of the American Monthly, if directed to the publishing office, 38 Gold-street, New-York, 147 Washington-street, Boston, or 313 Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, through the Post-office, will find their destination.

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1837.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1837.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
Sketches of Paris—No. 2. - - - - -	105
The Loves of the Colors, - - - - -	115
A Tale of a Snag, - - - - -	121
Excerpts from a College Valedictory Poem, - - - - -	132
Music, - - - - -	134
Rose and Violet, - - - - -	139
The Cold Hand, - - - - -	144
Design for a Picture Gallery, - - - - -	161
Vanderlyn, - - - - -	163
Letter from Miss E. D., Boston, to Miss J. B., New-York, - - - - -	173
Spirit of the West, - - - - -	175

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Motherwell's Poems, - - - - -	177
The Rocky Mountains; or Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West, - - - - -	186
Society in America, - - - - -	190
Erato—No. 3. - - - - -	193
Transactions of the American Lyceum - - - - -	196

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Pauper Immigration—The Children of the Republic—Mineral Wealth of Virginia—Chronological of Cotton—The Ben Sherrod—Fairmount in Miniature—Pondretto—Cure for Hydrophobia—Western Trade of Pennsylvania—Chalk and Water—Tides—Another Moon Hoax—A Sixth Continent—Statistics—Ancient and Modern Democracies—Cheap Bread—Effects of Emigration—American Anthology.

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1837.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1837.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
THE Times, - - - - -	209
Boat Song on Lake Owasco, - - - - -	220
Re-charter of the Bank, - - - - -	221
Vanderlyn, - - - - -	225
Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 7. - - - - -	233
A Stranger on the Banks of the Hudson, - - - - -	242
The Happiness of Nature, - - - - -	243
A September Trip to Catskill, - - - - -	246
The Land of Pork, - - - - -	252
Sketches of Paris—No. 3. - - - - -	253
The Premier's Story, - - - - -	262
Don Juan of Braganza; - - - - -	273
To E. B., - - - - -	285
Socrates in Boston, - - - - -	287
To the River Hudson, - - - - -	292
Napoleon in Exile, - - - - -	293

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts of General Lafayette, -	294
The Young Ladies' Friend, - - - - -	300
Letters of Lucius M. Piso, - - - - -	302
The Harcourts, - - - - -	305
Stories from Real Life, - - - - -	307

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Divorce of Bank and State—The Naturalization Laws—Cultivation of the Prairies—Touching Loco Focoism—Fas est ab Hoste Doceri—New Brighton—Statistics of Pittsburgh—Transplanting Trees.

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1837.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1837.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
THE Innocent Avenger, - - - - -	313
Sketches of Paris—No. 4. - - - - -	326
English Scenery, - - - - -	335
Old Houses, - - - - -	336
Autumnal Storms, - - - - -	349
The Premier's Story, - - - - -	350
Vanitas! vanitatum vanitas, - - - - -	361
A Doctor's Ana, - - - - -	362
The Seven Foresters of Chatsworth, - - - - -	369
Copyright Law—No. 3. - - - - -	374
Song to the Whippoorwill, - - - - -	378
Bank Evils, and the Remedy, - - - - -	379

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Scourge of the Ocean, - - - - -	387
Poems; by William Thompson Bacon, - - - - -	387
Gleanings in Europe, - - - - -	391
Venitia, - - - - -	393
Live and Let Live, - - - - -	395
Mr. Barnard's Discourse before the New-York Alpha of the Society Phi Beta Kappa, - - - - -	396
Animal Magnetism, - - - - -	397
Mythological Fables, - - - - -	398
The Literary Souvenir for 1838. - - - - -	399
Letters, descriptive of the Virginia Springs, - - - - -	399

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Causes of the Present Distress—Metal Currency—Copyright—The Experiment
—Election of Printer—Mr. Mellen's Poem—Wilson's Mowing Machine—The
late Elections—To Correspondents.

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1837.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1837.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
ELECTRO-MAGNETISM, - - - - -	409
Lines, written on receiving a Branch of the Evergreen Myrtle, - - -	423
A Doctor's Ana, No. 2.—Animal Magnetism, - - - - -	424
Republicanism, - - - - -	430
Stanzas, - - - - -	431
The Prince's Probation, - - - - -	433
Platonic, - - - - -	442
Sketches of Paris—No. 5. - - - - -	443
My First Love, - - - - -	450
Destinies of Poetry, - - - - -	452
Summer Rain, - - - - -	456
A Sketch of Old Connecticut, - - - - -	457
A Dream, - - - - -	461
Vanderlyn—the Major's Story, - - - - -	462
Sonnet to ———, - - - - -	481

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Americans, in their Moral, Social, and Political relations, - - -	482
The Token, and Atlantic Souvenir for 1838. - - - - -	486
Fielding, or Society—Atticus, or the Retired Statesman—and St. Lawrence, -	488
Pocahontas, - - - - -	489

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Loss of the Home.—Catlin's Indian Gallery.—Miss Tree's New Tragedy.—Mr. Forrest.—The October Elections.—Lectures on Elocution.—Animal Magnetism.—A delicate Balance, and a more delicate Test.—Democracy as our Rulers understand it.—The North-Eastern Boundary.—Magnetical Discoveries.—Mr. Van Buren's Swiss Guard.—The Portrait.—Notice.

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AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1837.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
BANKRUPT LAW, - - - - -	505
To Miss C. E., - - - - -	516
The Prince's Probation, - - - - -	517
Thy Love, - - - - -	528
Sketches of Paris—No. 6. - - - - -	529
Lament of Josephine, - - - - -	538
Antique Epistle concerning Beverage, - - - - -	539
Stanzas, - - - - -	546
The Gold-Hunter, - - - - -	548
Loss of the Home, - - - - -	559
On the late Triumph, - - - - -	560
Usury Laws, - - - - -	561
Martha Gardner, - - - - -	565
A Woful Madrigal, - - - - -	575

CRITICAL NOTICES.

History of the English Language and Literature, - - - - -	577
Ernest Maltravers, - - - - -	584
The Hawk-Chief, - - - - -	586
Discourse on the Character of the late Chester Averill, - - - - -	587
Poems: by J. G. Whittier, - - - - -	588
The Baltimore Book, - - - - -	591
Reviewers Reviewed, - - - - -	591

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The November Elections.—The Life of Brant.—The Whig Almanack and Politicians' Register.—Mr. Buckingham's Lectures.—History of Michigan.—Thomas Green Fessenden.—De Tocqueville's Democracy in America.—Thy Love, by J. N. M'Jilton.—Our New Volume.

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